

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIX.

JULY, 1892.

No. 9.

A STORY OF THE FLAG.

BY VICTOR MAPES.

I DON'T know how you feel about an American flag, but it has often occurred to me that most of us, to tell the truth, have very little feeling about it. I don't mean by this that we are not patriotic—that we would n't march up to the cannon's mouth, if we were called upon to do so, as quickly as the Englishman, the German, or anybody else. But our country is so peaceful, and we see so many flags, nearly every day, drooping lazily from flagpoles on the tops of big buildings, or carried on picnic parades, or stuck in the collars of ice-cart horses or—where not? that we are very apt to pass by a flag without noticing it. If it does chance to engage our attention, we remark, perhaps, that it is faded or bright, large or small, of silk or of bunting, or something of the sort; and that is as much feeling as the sight of it ever inspires.

Of course, Americans who are old enough to keep memories of the war in their hearts are likely to feel a little differently about the matter. For them the flag may call up reminiscences of the old strong feeling. But for us who were squalling in those days, or not yet admitted to the light of day, the flag too

often means only so much cloth made up of red, white, and blue patches.

At any rate, that is what a little boy I know thought about it when he started to go abroad with me last May—or, to be more accurate, would have thought, had an occasion ever come up to make him think about it at all.

But two little adventures this boy took part in, some time after he arrived on the other side of the ocean, have changed this feeling somewhat. He has been back in America a number of months now, but it was only yesterday that he said to me:

"Do you know, Uncle Jack, every time I see an American flag in the street, I can't help thinking that people who have never been abroad really don't know what our flag means."

And I am half inclined to think the little boy was right. For myself, at any rate, I must confess I was never conscious that I had the slightest bit of patriotism in me, or any attachment to the red, white, and blue flag, until I went to the great Alhambra theater in London and saw our flag brought upon the stage by a dancing-

Copyright, 1892, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

girl who entered to the tune of "The Star-Span-gled Banner." Then I felt tears on my cheeks and knew I was an American.

A great many of our countrymen, I fancy, on going abroad, have experienced some such feeling. But the two adventures that Frank, the little boy I am talking of, had in Paris last summer, were curious enough perhaps to be worth while telling about.

When the Fourth of July came, we had been abroad nearly two months, and during that time I think we had not seen a single American flag. On the morning of the Fourth, however, we walked out on the Paris boulevards, and a number of flags were hanging out from the different American shops, which are quite frequent there. They looked strange to us; and the idea occurred to Frank, for the first time, that the United States was one of a great many nations living next to one another in this world—that it was his own nation, a kind of big family he belonged to. The Fourth of July was a sort of big, family birthday, and the flags were out so as to tell the Frenchmen and everybody else not to forget the fact.

A feeling of this nature came over Frank that morning, and he called out, "There 's another!" every time a new flag came in view. He stopped two or three times to count the number of them in sight, and showed in various ways that he, America, and the American flag had come to a new understanding with one another.

During the morning, Frank's cousin George, a boy two or three years older than Frank, who had been in Paris the preceding winter, came to our hotel; and, as I had some matters to attend to in the afternoon, they went off together to see sights and to have a good time.

When Frank returned about dinner-time, and came up to the room where I was writing letters, I noticed a small American-flag pin stuck in the lapel of his coat.

"George had two," he said in answer to my question; "and he gave me this one. He 's been in Paris a year now, and he says we ought to wear them or maybe people won't know we 're Americans. But say, Uncle Jack, where do you think I got that?" He opened a paper bundle he had under his arm and unrolled a weather-beaten American flag.

"Where?" asked I, naturally supposing it came from George's house.

"We took it off of Lafayette's tomb."

I opened my eyes in astonishment; while he went on:

"George says the American Consul, or the American Consul-General, or somebody, put it on the tomb last Fourth of July, for our government, because Lafayette, don't you know, helped us in the Revolution."

"They ought to put a new flag on every year, George says," explained Frank, seeing my amazement, "on Fourth of July morning. But the American Consul, or whoever he is that 's here now, is a new man, George thinks; anyhow, he forgot to do it. So we bought a new flag and we did it."

"There were a lot of people at the tomb when we went there, and we guessed they were all waiting to see the new flag put on. We waited, too, but no soldiers or anybody came; and after a while the people all went away. Then George said:

"'Somebody ought to put on a new flag—let 's do it!'

"We went to a store on the Boulevard, and for twenty francs bought a new flag just like this old one. George and I each paid half. There were two women and a little girl at the tomb when we got back, and we waited till they went away. Then we unrolled the new flag and took the old one off the tomb."

"We thought we ought to say something when we put the new flag on, but we did n't know what to say. George said they always made a regular speech thanking Lafayette for helping us in the Revolution, but we thought it did n't matter much. So we just took off our hats when we spread out the new flag on the grave, and then we rolled up the old flag and came away."

"We drew lots for it afterward, and I 'm going to take it back home with me."

"Somebody ought to have done it, and as we were both American boys, it was all right, was n't it?"

Right or wrong, the flag that travelers see on Lafayette's tomb this year, as a mark of the American nation's sentiment toward the great Frenchman, is the one put there by two

small, self-appointed representatives. And the flag put there the year before, with fitting ceremony by the authorized official, Frank preserves carefully hung up on the wall of his little room in America.

If this reaches the notice of the American Consul-General at Paris, or other official charged with such ceremonies, it is to be hoped he will take no offense. And perhaps he may be reminded that by next Fourth of July the flag now on duty will have become weather-beaten like its predecessor.

Ten days after this adventure came the fourteenth of July, the great "Quatorze Juillet," which, I believe, was the day on which the French people stormed the grim old Bastille and cried, "Down with the tyranny of kings!" With the French people it is much the same sort of a day as our Fourth of July is to us, only they display a great deal more enthusiasm. The little French boys don't shoot off fire-crackers all day in the streets, to frighten horses, scorch their fingers, and make mothers and people, generally, nervous. But there is a great military parade reviewed by the President, there are music-pavilions built up on corners and public places throughout Paris; and at night, while gorgeous fireworks are being set off, men, women, and children throng the streets and dance and sing till daylight is about ready to share the fun.

Well, the morning of that great day, George, as usual, came round to the hotel; and I asked the two boys if they would like to go after lunch to see the great military review at Longchamps, where President Carnot was going to have some thirty thousand French soldiers march past his stand and salute him.

But George thought it would be more fun to take a carriage and drive about Paris to see all the people celebrating. It would be hot and crowded at Longchamps, and we could n't hope to get a sight of President Carnot; so Frank and I agreed with George.

Before we started out, Frank suggested that we should get two big flags, of just the same size—one American red, white, and blue, and the other French red, white, and blue, and take them along in the carriage with us. "Don't you see," he explained, "we'll carry the Amer-

ican flag, to show we're Americans, and the French flag 'll be to show we're glad they're celebrating!"

So they brought the two flags,—fine large ones they were,—and Frank with the American flag got up alongside the coachman on the box, while George and I put the French flag between us, to drag out behind.

In this way we drove about through the crowded streets and saw the celebration. And several times when the crowds of French people around some music-stand saw us coming, they cheered our flags—a mark of attention that delighted Frank and George immensely.

After driving about from place to place in different sections of the great city, we found ourselves once more back on the boulevards, and we were soon crossing the Place de la Concorde, to enter the Champs Elysées, that beautiful green avenue leading straight up to the Arc de Triomphe, when suddenly Frank gave a shout from the box.

"Look!" he called out. "There come some soldiers!"

Crowds of people were standing along the walks on either side of the avenue, all gazing up toward the Arc de Triomphe. Yes; there were soldiers on horseback coming right down toward us. Then far-away shouts reached our ears from the crowds ahead, where the soldiers were. We could see the people waving hats and handkerchiefs.

"Look at the pistols," cried Frank from the box. "They're holding them right up in the air. What's that for?"

"They're cuirassiers," George called back. "They're a body-guard. It must be somebody—"

"*C'est le Président de la République!*" ejaculated the coachman, as the soldiers drew down upon us at a rapid pace.

We were within fifty yards of them now, and could see everything plainly. There, in front, were the two large cuirassiers, with shining breastplates and helmets, each with a cocked revolver held out in the air at arm's-length. Behind came the President's carriage drawn by four coal-black horses, with postilions in dazzling liveries, then two more cuirassiers with drawn pistols followed by a troop of cavalry.

On they came. Our coachman stopped his horses. The people were shouting and cheering on all sides — "*Le Président!*" "*Carnot!*"

He was almost abreast of us and close by, when suddenly I noticed that he was looking in our direction, and all eyes were turned toward our carriage.

It was the American flag!

There it was, floating proudly aloft in the hands of our little boy on the front seat. And when Frank saw the President right abreast of him, and everybody looking at his flag, without a sign of hesitation he stood straight up, held the flag as high in the air as he could, and dipped a salute to the President of the French Republic! The crowd was cheering wildly. President Carnot moved forward a little in his

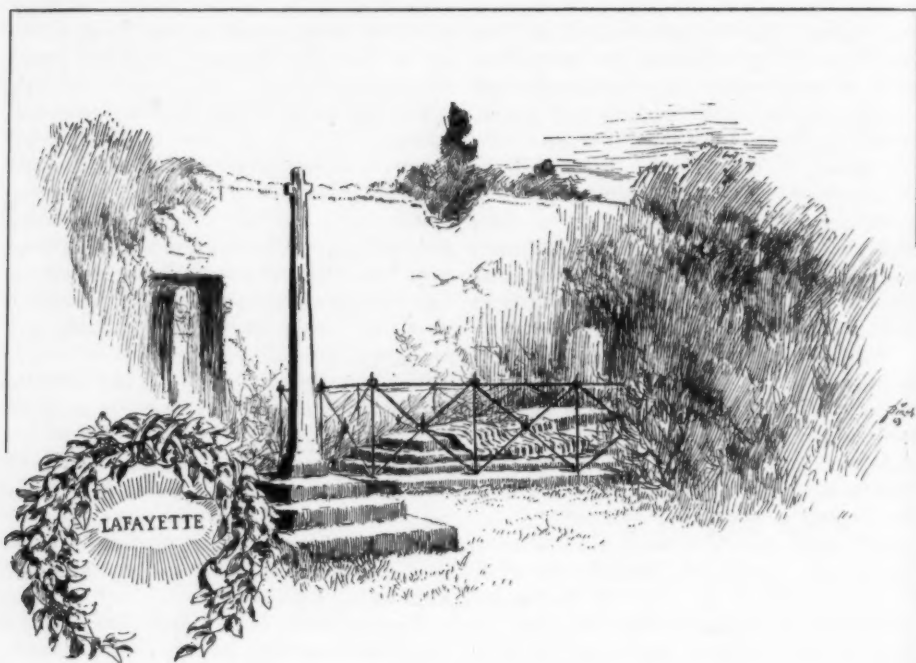
seat, lifted his hat, and bowed low to Frank and the American flag.

And then in a second he had passed.

And this flag, I think, is prized by Frank even more than the other. At least, whenever he takes anybody up to his room, he always says first:

"This is the flag that was on Lafayette's tomb;" and then in a more impressive voice, "That's the one President Carnot took off his hat to."

But those two flags are not the only ones that mean anything to him. Every flag he sees on the street, he realizes, might have been on Lafayette's tomb, or might have been bowed to by President Carnot.





THE STUDIO-BOY.

BY M. O. KOBBE.

"Look well at me as I pass by;
My sister's studio-boy am I.
She trusts me with her pots and pans,
Her brushes and her varnish-cans.
She lets me stand her easel up,
And pour queer mixtures in a cup.

I am her model, too, you see;
I helped her draw this sketch of me.
Papa thinks it 's too thin and tall;
Mama says it 's too fat and small;
But we two artists both agree
It 's just as good as it can be.

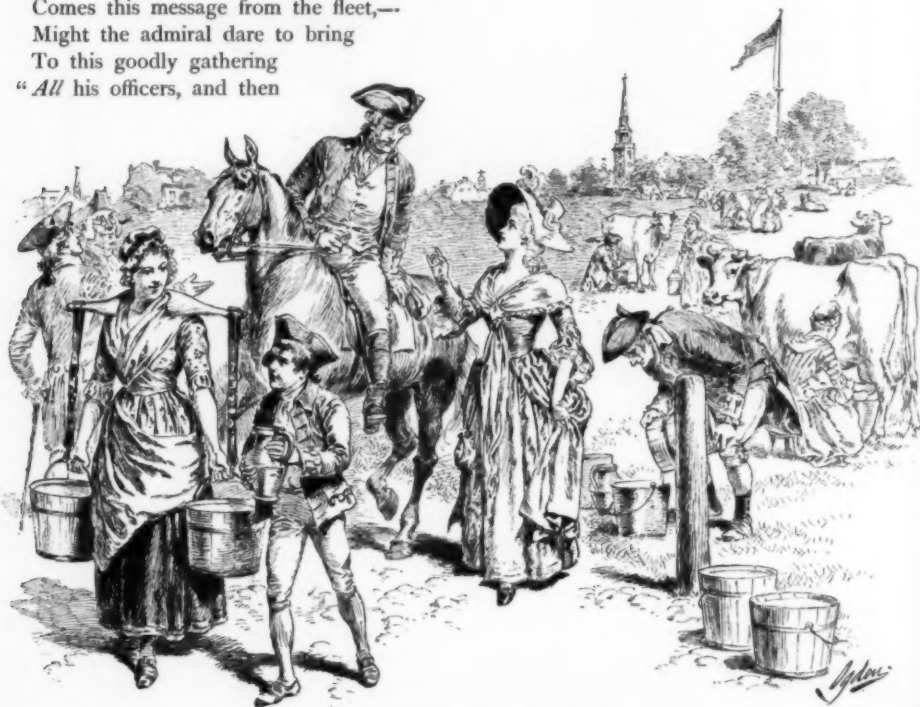


DOROTHY HANCOCK'S BREAKFAST-PARTY.

BY NORA PERRY.

QUOTH the governor to his dame,
When the French fleet sailing came
Into Massachusetts bay,
"We must make a feast straightway,
Spread a board of bounteous cheer
For the gallant admiral here."
Nothing loath, the three-years bride,
Fair Dame Dorothy, complied,
And with fine housewifely zeal
Planned at once a bounteous meal
Fit to set before a king,
Or a kingly following.

But, alas! when all 's complete
Comes this message from the fleet,—
Might the admiral dare to bring
To this goodly gathering
"All his officers, and then



"THERE THEY MILKED THE GRAZING HERD,
AT THE FAIR YOUNG MADAM'S WORD."

Certain of his midshipmen?"
 Who can paint the dire dismay
 Of Dame Dorothy that day?
 Thirty guests she 'd bidden there;
 Now so late as this prepare
 For a hundred more, at least?

There they milked the grazing herd,
 At the fair young madam's word,
 While the townsfolk stood and stared,
 Wondering how she ever dared
 Take such liberties as these
 Without even "If you please."



"HOW DAME HANCOCK SPREAD HER FEAST
 FOR 'A HUNDRED MORE AT LEAST.'"

Just a moment stood she there,
 In irresolute despair,—
 Just a breathless moment,—then,
 She doth call her maids and men,
 And herself doth lead them down
 To the green mall of the town,
 Where her neighbors' cattle graze
 All along the grassy ways.

But straight on the milking went,
 While the fair young housewife sent
 Mounted messengers here and there,
 Borrowing of her neighbors' fare.
 Not a neighbor said her nay
 On that memorable day.
 Fruit, and sweets, and roasted game
 From their larders freely came,—

Cakes and dainties of the best,
At Dame Dorothy's request.
Then triumphantly she flew,
Spread her tables all anew,
Whipt her foaming milk to cream,
While just down the harbor stream
She could see th' approaching guests,

With their starred and ribboned breasts.
Long before that day was done
All the townsfolk, every one,
Were they young or were they old,
Laughed applaudingly when told
How dame Hancock spread her feast
For "a hundred more at least."



HISTORIC DWARFS.

BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

II. RICHARD AND ANNE GIBSON.

BESIDES Jeffrey Hudson, the royal household of Charles I. boasted of two other Lilliputians in the persons of Richard Gibson and his wee wife, Anne.

This wedded pair of midgets were of precisely the same height, each measuring three feet two inches. Young Gibson was not quite so symmetrical as Jeffrey, and he was not so elegant in manner as the queen's favorite, but he had the intellect of a man, a most lovable disposition, and a talent for painting, which last gave him a fame quite apart from the distinction enjoyed by the dwarf Hudson, as a royal plaything.

Richard was more famed for his artistic ability than for his tiny stature. Jeffrey attached himself particularly to Henrietta, and looked with jealous eyes upon his more talented rival; but Gibson found great favor with the king, became his Majesty's portrait-painter, and was made Page of the Back Stairs.

His little wife was in the service of the queen, and was thoroughly disliked by Jeffrey, who wished to be first and favorite in everything; but Anne and Richard were friends from the first time they met in the Palace of St. James.

Gibson, commonly called the Dwarf Artist, was born in 1615 in the northwest corner of England, where the picturesque crags and peaks of Cumberland are mirrored in the beautiful lakes at their feet. His parents were in very humble circumstances, and his father tended sheep and tilled a little farm.

In those days dwarfs were in such demand among the nobility that poor people were inclined to regard the birth of one as a piece of good luck for the family; and when it became known that Dame Gibson's baby was a very small specimen of humanity, all the kind neigh-

bors came in to congratulate and perhaps to envy her on account of what the future might have in store. "He's a bonny wee bairn, indeed," exclaimed the mother, who was not altogether of this way of thinking. "Many a small babie has made a big man, and God grant he may reach the height of his father; but little or big, not a lord nor a lady in the land shall take him fra' me—no, not even the king hissel!"; and she clasped the infant tighter to her heart.

"We'll see about that when the time comes; but little he is, and little he'll be, and small danger that anybody'll want the boy, much less his Majesty, God bless him!" replied an old beldam who was blessed with a larger family of grown-up children than she could well care for.

The woman's prophecy as to the infant's size proved quite true, for he was always "Little Gibson"; but she shot wide of the mark regarding the royal favor. The child's intellect developed much faster than did his body; he grew fond of outdoor sports, and archery and drawing became his favorite amusements. His bows and arrows were made of suitable size for him by his father, and his pencils and crayons were home-made.

In his own native Cumberland, close to his birthplace, was the famous Borrowdale mine of graphite or plumbago, which for many years supplied the world with its best pencils. Indeed, the first lead-pencils of which there is any record were made of the graphite of this mine, discovered some fifty years before our little artist was born.

When Richard was a tiny, toddling boy his hands and face were seldom free from the black marks of the lead that he always carried about with him. He used frequently to be found roughly sketching on some piece of board or plank any scene that pleased his fancy. Some-

times it would be a flock of sheep with their shepherd, or again the outline of the lofty mountain-peaks that surrounded his humble house. For archery his eye was as true as for sketching, and that is saying a good deal.

At an early age, however, against the entreaties of his fond mother, his father was persuaded

service. The old shepherd, who was out of place in a big city, parted with genuine sorrow from his son, and speedily returned to the sheepfold in the mountains, while Richard went with his mistress to her fine house at Mortlake. His duties were light, and his spirits revived in his new home, which was close to the famous Mortlake tapestry-works, at that time under the direct patronage of the king.

Of course, Gibson was subject to more or less teasing from the domestics. The servants of his patroness's household were inclined to ridicule his small size; but his chief tormentor was the lady's butler. He was a very tall man, and he used frequently to snatch up the dwarf, place him on a high shelf, and leave him there till some one chose to take him down again. The big man did this once too often; for one day Richard, becoming tired of sitting on this lofty perch, took a piece of graphite from his pocket and drew on the wall behind him a free and bold caricature of the butler. When the latter saw this he was both frightened and amazed. He cuffed the young artist as he set him on the floor, and attempted to erase the picture. My Lady, hearing unusually loud talk, came to see what was the matter, and was greatly astonished as well as amused at Gibson's work. To be sure, the beautiful wall was defaced, but she was an admirer and a patron of art, and saw at once that the artist of the caricature must possess no

ordinary talent. Accordingly the butler was dismissed, Gibson was praised and encouraged, and De Cleyn, master of the tapestry-works, was invited to express an opinion on the work of the tiny draftsman.

De Cleyn, too, was amused and impressed both by the picture and the page, and, at the lady's solicitation, readily agreed to give the pygmy artist lessons in drawing. Gibson's joy was only exceeded by his industry and perseverance, and he made rapid progress in his art. About this time it happened that the king, while visiting the Mortlake works, came suddenly upon the quaint little figure of the dwarf sitting upon a



PORTRAITS OF RICHARD AND ANNE GIBSON.

to take the little fellow away from his outdoor sports and pastimes and to carry him up to London town. Here he was known for a time as the Cumberland pygmy, but he disliked being placed on exhibition and he missed the free air of his native hills. The roses were leaving his cheeks and he was beginning to droop, when fortunately he attracted the notice of a rich and noble lady, who lived at a place called Mortlake.

This kind dame took a great fancy to the little dwarf, and wanted him for a page. His father, by this time grown quite tired of London, readily consented to allow the child to enter her

high stool before an easel busily engaged in copying a picture by Sir Peter Lely.

"What have we here?" exclaimed his Majesty, drawing nearer that he might examine the work of this curiously small artist. Great was the monarch's amazement when he saw how successfully the mid-geet had imitated the famous work of the master, and greater yet was the young painter's astonishment to find himself praised and flattered by his august sovereign.

Henceforward Richard's success in life was assured. Of course the lady who had been so kind to him was compelled to part with her little favorite when the king intimated his wish to secure the young man for himself; and soon Gibson was established at court, where, although he was Page of the Back Stairs, he found plenty of time to pursue his artistic studies, which were now directed by no less a person than Sir Peter Lely himself.

While our tiny hero was living at Mortlake, little Anne Shepherd was acting as a sort of diminutive lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Richmond. Her Grace was very fond of the gentle Anne, but though kind, she was a very silly old woman who loved to make a great display of her wealth; and she was altogether so vain and ostentatious that people made as much fun of her as they dared to make of so exalted a personage.

Before Anne was out of her teens it came to pass that the baby prince, afterward King

Charles II., was to be christened. His grandmother, Marie de Medicis, had consented to act as godmother, but only by proxy, as she could not leave France; so the Duchess of Richmond was chosen to take the place of the French queen as sponsor to his infant Royal



PORTRAIT OF RICHARD GIBSON. (FROM A DRAWING BY HIMSELF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

Highness. The old dame was so elated at the honor conferred upon her that she fairly outdid herself in her efforts to shine as a great giver of gifts. First, she presented to the infant, who was the cause of so grand an occasion, a jewel worth some thirty-five thousand dollars; then she brought a nurse down from Wales in order to keep up the tradition that a Welsh word should be the first uttered by every Prince of Wales, and she made the honest woman happy

by giving her a chain worth a thousand dollars more. Indeed, I could not tell you all the silly things this silly old woman did. She even went so far as to make expensive presents to the "royal rockers" engaged to jog the cradle of the infant Charles, who, I suppose, behaved very much as other babies do, and in spite of all his splendor was very fat and very ugly.

Upon the eventful day the queen sent her own state carriage with ever so many lords and knights, to bring the bountiful old godmama to the christening. There were six footmen and six horses with plumes all over them; and the duchess was very proud of the equipage as she stepped into the carriage. Little Anne Shepherd, who had never seen so fine a sight in her life, was lifted up by one of the tall footmen and placed opposite to her mistress. There she sat, looking very small and demure, till the gilt coach reached the Palace of St. James.

At last, after fifty pounds each had been given the knights, and all the coachmen had received twenty pounds, and the footmen ten, the ceremony was allowed to proceed, and the royal baby was baptized. Then her Grace, in a final burst of magnificence, wound up the whole affair by presenting Anne to the queen; and Henrietta was delighted to have another dwarf in her retinue.

Little Gibson was at the christening, and saw the small Anne decked out in great splendor; and although he was still rather young to think of matrimony, he fell in love with her then and there. His affection was returned, and in due course the king and queen gave their consent to the marriage of the two dwarfs.

Great preparations were made for this wedding, which was celebrated in the chapel of the Palace of St. James; and everybody who was anybody at all was bidden to the ceremony. Henrietta Maria, who, in more senses than one, was the reigning beauty of the British court, took great interest in the festivities, and arrayed herself in all her splendor and loveliness to bestow her blessing on the little pair. She ordered Jeffrey Hudson to be best man, a task he was at first very unwilling to perform, for Jeffrey wished himself to be the bright particular star on all occasions, and he was very jealous of both Anne and Richard. The queen

appeased his vanity by ordering for him a gorgeous new suit; the waistcoat was rose-colored satin all sparkling with gold lace, and his little breeches and stockings were of the same color.

Thus attired, he went through his part of the ceremony with an air of courtly grace.

The little bride looked charming in a white satin dress with a very long train, and the tiny groom wore a white satin waistcoat with trimmings of satin. His hose and breeches were of white silk, and diamond buckles sparkled in his tiny shoes. The dwarfs were a dainty pair, and created a sensation as they stood before the clergyman exchanging their vows. King Charles, very handsome, very graceful, and looking every inch a king, gave away the bride.

The court poet, Sir Edmund Waller, wrote about the wedding a poem called "The Marriage of the Dwarfs." Part of it is as follows:

Design, or chance, make others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive;
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad mistrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them!

For a time all went well. The little couple dwelt together in harmony, and Richard went on with his painting as industriously as ever. He confined himself principally to portraits, but some of his landscapes and animal-pieces were much admired. One of them was the cause of a truly sorrowful event. The painting in question represented the parable of the "Lost Sheep," and was exceedingly well executed. Sheepfolds and shepherds were common on Gibson's native mountains, and it will be remembered that, when a child, some of his earliest efforts had been attempts to draw pictures of the pretty little lambs. It was executed with so much spirit that Charles was delighted with it, said it was a masterpiece, and prized it so highly that he gave it into the hands of Vandervort, the keeper of the royal pictures, with strict orders to take the greatest care of it.

It happened that Vandervort was an absent-minded man, but he was so anxious to please the king that he carried out his instructions to the letter. He placed the picture in a secure

place, but when, a short time afterward, the king asked for it, the poor man could not remember what he had done with it. Not daring to own this to his master, he worried about it for several days and in his perplexity did not know what to do. At last he gave up in despair, and rather than endure his Majesty's displeasure, and not daring to say he had mislaid it, he committed suicide. The death of the keeper caused great sorrow at court, and a few days after the unhappy event the picture was found exactly where he had placed it.

Gibson's talent as a limner was really extraordinary. His most admired portrait was one of Queen Henrietta, which was in the collection of James I., and is now at Hampton Court. The artist, although a dwarf, seems to have shown much more discretion than many people twice his size, for he never meddled with politics or state affairs. During all the troubles between Parliament and King he busied himself with his art trying to support his large family; and when the queen had fled to France and Charles was dead Richard found a much better staff in his pencil than his most unfortunate patron had found in his scepter.

At heart little Gibson was a Royalist, and he was greatly grieved when his kind benefactor died; but he kept his small tongue quiet, and was taken under the protection of the Earl of Pembroke, and afterward painted the picture of Oliver Cromwell more than once. In the mean time, Sir Peter Lely had painted two portraits of the dwarf Gibsons; one was ordered by my lord Pembroke, and the other by a nobleman of the opposite party; so it is very evident that the dwarf artist was favored both by the Royalists and the Roundheads.

By the time Charles II. was ready to ascend the throne, Richard Gibson was about fifty-five years old, and was the father of several children. The "Merry Monarch" considered himself a patron of art, and soon his father's portrait-painter was again established at court, and after a time was appointed drawing-master to the king's nieces, Princesses Mary and Anne, who each in turn became Queen of England. These two young ladies were not very proficient in most of their studies, but it

is said they inherited from the house of Stuart a taste for the fine arts. Although they at first were inclined to ridicule the diminutive size of their drawing-master, they soon learned to respect him and his ability. Indeed, the Princess Mary became so much attached to the little pair that after she married William, Prince of Orange, Richard was sent over to Holland, that she might go on with her painting under his direction.

Calmly and peacefully the tiny couple pursued the even tenor of their way, the father making sufficient money to support his family, and the small wife being happy in attending to her domestic duties. They both lived to a good old age, and one writer in speaking of them says that nature recompensed them for shortness of stature by giving them length of years.

They had nine children, five of whom lived and attained the usual stature of mankind. Two of their children became portrait-painters, like their father, and one of the daughters, named Susan, became an artist of note. She painted chiefly in water-colors, and with great freedom. She afterward became the wife of a jeweler named Rose. Mr. Rose was very proud of being the possessor of a picture of the dwarf artist painted on the same canvas with his master, De Cleyn. Both were dressed in green habits as archers and held bows and arrows. Little Gibson's bow was carefully preserved and guarded by his daughter.

Both Richard and his wife were painted several times, by Vandyck, by Dobson, and by Lely. The dwarf artist was really a most superior man, and he lived through many vicissitudes. He was born during the reign of James I., saw the glories and troubles of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., and James II., withstood the horrors of the Great Plague and the terrors of the London Fire, and passed away early in the reign of William and Mary. He died July 23, 1690, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and was buried at Covent Garden. His little widow survived him nearly twenty years. She died in 1709 in the ninetyeth year of her age. The old chroniclers speak of the Gibsons with a respect which not all royal favorites have commanded.

THE SPARE BEDROOM AT GRANDFATHER'S.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



IT was the hour for fireside talks in the cañon: too early, as dusk falls on a short December day, for lamps to be lighted; too late to snatch a page or two more of the last magazine, by the low gleam that peered in the western windows.

Jack had done his part in the evening's wood-carrying, and now was enjoying the fruits of honest toil, watching the gay, red flames that becked and bowed up the lava-rock chimney. The low-ceiled room, with its rows of books, its guns and pipes, and idols in Zuñi pottery, darkled in corners and glowed in spots, and all the faces round the hearth were lit as by footlights, in various attitudes of thoughtfulness.

"Now, what is *that*?" cried Jack's mama, putting down the fan screen she held, and turning her head to listen.

It was only the wind booming over the housetop, but it had found a new plaything; it was strumming with a free hand and mighty on the long, taut wires that guyed the wash-shed stovepipe. The wash-shed was a post-crypt in boards and shingles hastily added to the main dwelling after the latter's completion. It had no chimney, only four feet of pipe projecting from the roof; an item which would have added to the insurance, had there been any insurance. The risk of fire was taken along with the other risks; but the family was vigilant.

Mrs. Gilmour listened till she sighed again. The wind, she said, reminded her of a sound she had not thought of for years—the whirring of swallow's wings in the spare bedroom chimney at home.

"Swallows in the chimney?" cried Jack, suddenly attentive. "How could they build fires then, without roasting the birds?"

"The chimneys were three stories high, and the swallows built near the top, I suppose. They had the sky and the stars for a ceiling to their little dark bedrooms. In spring there was never more than a blaze of sticks on the hearth—not that unless we had visitors to stay. Sometimes a young swallow trying to fly fell out of the nest and fluttered across the hearth into the room. That was very exciting to us children. But at house-cleaning time a great bag of straw was stuffed up the chimney's throat to save the hearth from falling soot and dried mud, and the litter from the nests. It was a brick hearth painted red, and washed always with milk to make it shine. The andirons were such as you will see in the garret of any good old house in the East—fluted brass columns with brass cones on top.

"It was in summer, when the bird colony was liveliest, that we used to hear the beating of wings in the chimney—a smothered sound like the throbbing of a steamer's wheels far off in a fog, or behind a neck of land."

Jack asked more questions; the men seemed not inclined to talk; and the mother fell to remembering aloud, speaking sometimes to Jack, but often to the others. All the simple features of her old, Eastern home had gained a priceless value, as things of a past gone out of her life, which she had scarcely prized at the time. She was half jealous of her children's attachment to the West, and longed to make them know the place of the family's nativity through such pictures of it as her memory could supply.

But her words meant more to herself than to any that listened.

"Did we ever sleep in that bedroom with the chimney-swallows?" asked Jack. He was thinking: what a mistake to stop up the chimney and cut off communication with such jolly neighbors as the swallows!

Yes, his mother said; he had slept there, but before he could remember. It was the winter he was three years old, when his father was at Deadwood.

There used to be such beautiful ice-pictures

and beyond them were the solemn blue hills. Those hills, and the cedars, were as much a part of a winter's sunrise on the Hudson as the sun himself.

Jack used to lie in bed and listen for the train,



HOUSE-CLEANING AT GRANDMOTHER'S.

on the eastern window-panes; and when the sun rose and the fire was lit and the pictures faded, a group of little bronze-black cedars appeared, half a mile away, topping the ridge by the river,

a signal his mother did not care to hear, for it meant she must get up and set a match to the fire, laid overnight in the big-bellied air-tight stove that panted and roared on its four

short legs, shuddering in a transport of sudden heat.

When the air of the room grew milder, Jack would hop out in his wrapper and slippers, and run to the north window to see what new shapes the fountain had taken in the night.

The jet of water did not freeze, but the spray of it froze and piled above the urn, changing as the wind veered, and as the sun wasted it. On some mornings it looked like a weeping white lady in a crystal veil; sometimes a Niobe group, children clinging to a white, sad mother who clasped them and bowed her head. When the sun peeped through the fir-trees, it touched the fountain statuary with sea-tints of emerald and pearl.

Had Jack been old enough to know the story of Undine, he might have fancied that he saw her on those winter mornings, and I am sure he would have wanted to fetch her in and warm her and dry her icy tears.

The spare-room mantelpiece was high; Jack could see only the tops of things upon it, even by walking far back into the room; but of a morning, mounted on the pillows of the great four-poster, he could explore the mantel's treasures, which never varied nor changed places. There was the whole length and pattern of the tall silver-plated candlesticks, and the snuffers in their tray; the Indian box of birch-bark overlaid with porcupine quills, which held concealed riches of shells and coral and dark sea-beans; there was the center vase of Derbyshire spar, two dolphins wreathing their tails to support a bacchante's bowl crowned with grape-leaves. In winter this vase held an arrangement of dried immortelles, yellow and pink and crimson, and some that verged upon magenta and should have been cast out as an offense to the whole; but grandmother had for flowers a charity which embraced every sin of color they were capable of. When her daughters grew up and put on airs of superior taste, they protested against these stiff mementos; but she was mildly inflexible; she continued to gather and to dry her "everlastings," with faithful recognition of their prickly virtues. She was not one to slight old friends for a trifling mistake in color, though Art should put forth her edict and call them naught.

In the northeast corner of the room stood a great invalid chair, dressed, like a woman, in white dimity that came down to the floor all round. The plump feather cushion had an apron, as little Jack called it, which fell in neat gathers in front. The high stuffed sides projected, forming comfortable corners where a languid head might rest.

Here the pale young mothers of the family "sat up" for the first time to have their hair done, or to receive the visits of friends; here, in last illnesses, a wan face, sinking back, showed the truth of the doctor's verdict.

White dimity, alternating with a dark-red reps in winter, covered the seats of the fiddle-backed mahogany chairs. White marseilles or dimity covers were on the wash-stand, and the tall bureau had a swinging glass that rocked back against the wall and showed little Jack himself walking into a picture of the back part of the room—a small chap in kilts, with a face somewhat out of drawing, and of a bluish color; the floor, too, had a queer slant like the deck of a rolling vessel. But with all its faults, this presentation of himself in the glass was an appearance much sought after by Jack, even to the climbing on chairs to attain it.

When grandmother came to her home as a bride, the four-poster was in its full panoply of high puffed feather-bed, valance and canopy and curtains of white dimity, "English" blankets, quilted silk comforter, and counterpane of heavy marseilles, in a bygone pattern. No pillow-shams were seen in the house; its fashions never changed. The best pillow-cases were plain linen, hemstitched,—smooth as satin with much use, as Jack's mother remembered them,—and the slender initials, in an old-fashioned hand, above the hem, had faded sympathetically to a pale yellow-brown.

Some of the house linen had come down from great-grandmother's trousseau, and it bore her maiden initials, E. B., in letters that were like the marking on old silver of that time. The gracious old Quaker names, sacred to the memory of gentle women and good housewives whose virtues would read like the last chapter of Proverbs, the words of King Lemuel, the prophecy which his mother taught him.

It was only after the daughters of the house

grew up and were married, and came home on visits with their children, that the spare bedroom fell into common use, and new fashions intruded as the old things wore out.

When Jack's mother was a child, it still kept its solemn and festal character of birth and marriage and death chamber; and in times less vital it was set apart for such guests as the family delighted to honor. Little girls were not allowed to stray in there by themselves; even when sent to the room on errands, they went and came with a certain awe of the empty room's cold dignity.

But at the semiannual house-cleaning, when every closet and bureau-drawer resigned itself to the season's intrusive spirit of research, the spare room's kindly mysteries were given to the light. The children could look on and touch and handle and ask questions; and thus began their acquaintance with such relics as had not been consigned to the darker oblivion of the garret, or suffered change through the family passion for "making over."

In the bottom drawer of the bureau was the "body" of grandmother's wedding-gown. The narrow skirt had served for something useful,—a cradle-quilt perhaps for one of the babies. Jack could have put the tiny dress-waist into one of his trousers' pockets, with less than their customary distention. It was a mere scrap of dove-colored silk, low neck, and laced in the back. Grandmother must have worn over her shoulders one of the embroidered India muslin capes that were turning yellow in that same drawer.

The dress-sleeves were "leg o' mutton"; but these, too, had been sacrificed in some impulse of mistaken economy.

There was the high shell comb, not carved, but a solid piece of shell which the children used to hold up to the light to see the colors glow like a church window. There were the little square-toed satin slippers, heelless, with flat laces that crossed over the instep; and there were the flesh-colored silk stockings and the white embroidered wedding-shawl.

Little grandmother must have been rather a "gay" Friend; she never wore the dress as did her mother, who put on the "plain distinguishing cap" before she was forty. She dressed as

one of the "world's people," but always plainly, with a little distance between herself and the latest fashion. She had a conscientious scorn of poor materials. Ordinary self-respect would have prevented her wearing an edge of lace that was not "real," or a stuff that was not all wool, if wool it professed to be, or a print that would not "wash"; and her contempt for linen that was part cotton, for silk that was part linen, or velvet with a "cotton back," was of a piece with her truthfulness and horror of pretense.

Among the frivolities in the lower drawer was a very dainty little night-cap, embroidered mull or some such frailness; the children used to tie it on over their short hair, framing the round cheeks of ten and twelve year olds. It was the envelop for sundry odd pieces of lace, "old English thread," and yellow Valenciennes, ripped from the necks and sleeves of little frocks long outgrown.

The children learned these patterns by heart, also the scrolls and garlands on certain broad collars and cuffs of needlework, which always looked as if something might be made of them; but nothing was, although Jack's mama was conscious of a long felt want in doll's petticoats, which those collars would have filled to ecstasy.

In that lower drawer were a few things belonging to grandmother's mother, E. B., of gracious memory. There were her gauze neck-handkerchiefs, and her long-armed silk mitts, which reported her a "finer woman" than any of her descendants of the third generation; since not a girl of them all could show an arm that would fill out these cast coverings handsomely from wrist to biceps.

And there was a bundle of her silk house-shawls, done up in one of the E. B. towels: lovely in color and texture as the fair, full grandmotherly throat they once encircled. They were plain, self-fringed, of every shade of white that was not white.

There they lay and no one used them; and after a while it began to seem a pity to the little girls who had grown to be big girls; the lightest-minded of them began to covet those sober vanities for their own adornment. Mother's scruples were easily smiled away; so the old Quaker shawls came forth and took their part in the young life of the house—a gayer part, it

would be safe to say, than was ever theirs upon the blessed shoulders of E. B. One or two of them were made into plaited waists to be worn with skirts and belts of the world's fashion. And one soft cream-white shawl wrapped little Jack on his first journey in this world; and afterward on many journeys, much longer than that first one, "from the blue room to the brown."

No advertised perfumes were used in grandmother's house, yet the things in the drawers had a faint sweet breath of their own; especially it lingered about those belongings of her mother's time—the odor of seclusion, of by-gone cleanliness and household purity.

The spare bedroom was at its gayest in summer-time, when, after the daughters of the house grew up, young company was expected. Swept and dusted and soberly expectant it waited, like a wise virgin, but with candles

unlighted and shutters darkened. Its very colors were cool and decorous, white and green and dark mahogany polish, door-knobs and candlesticks gleaming, andirons reflected in the dull-red shine of the hearth.

After sundown, if friends were expected by the evening boat, the shutters were fastened back, and the green Venetian blinds raised, to admit the breeze and a view of the garden and the grass and the plashing fountain. Each girl hostess visited the room in turn on a last, characteristic errand: one with her hands full of roses, new blown that morning; another to remove the sacrificed leaves and broken stems the rose-gatherer had forgotten; and the mother last of all to look about her with modest pride, peopling the room with the friends of her own girlhood, to be welcomed there no more.

Then, when the wagon drove up, what a joyous racket in the hall; and what content for the future in the sound of heavy trunks carried upstairs!

If only one girl guest had come, she must have her particular friend of the house for a bedfellow; and what in all the world did they not talk of, lying awake half the summer night in pure extravagance of joy—while the fountain plashed and paused, and the soft wind stirred in the cherry-trees, and in the moonlit garden overblown roses dropped their petals on the wet box-borders.

Visitors from the city brought with them—besides new books and new songs and sumptuous confectionery, and the latest ideas in dress—an odor of the world, something complex and rich and strange as the life of the city itself. It spread its spell upon the cool, pure atmosphere of the Quaker home, and set the light hearts beating and the young heads dreaming.

In after years came the Far West, with its masculine incense of camps and tobacco and Indian leather and soft-coal smoke. It arrived, in company with several pieces of singularly dusty male baggage, but it had not come to stay.

For a few days of confusion and bustle it pervaded the house, and then departed on the "Long Trail," taking little Jack and his mother away. And in the chances and changes of the years that followed, they were never again to sleep in the spare bedroom at grandfather's.





IN NINETY-THREE.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

THIS is my birthday—I'm 'most a man;
 Exactly eight.
 I'm growing up, says my Uncle Van,
 At an awful rate.
 But I can't know everything quite clear—
 Not *quite*, says he—
 Before my birthday comes round next year,
 In Ninety-Three.

What makes the moon grow thin and long
 Like a paper boat?
 How did they get the canary's song
 In his little throat?
 Why has n't the butterfly something to do?
 Or why has the bee?
 What will become of Ninety-Two
 In Ninety-Three?

I'm always thinking and wondering
 As hard as I can;
 But there is n't much good in questioning
 My Uncle Van.
 For he only says, with a funny look,
 I shall probably see—
 If I keep on growing and mind my book—
 In Ninety-Three.

It's long ahead till a fellow's nine,
 When he's only eight!
 But the days keep passing, rain or shine,
 And I can wait.
 For all these puzzles, that seem so queer
 Just now to me,
 I'll understand by another year,
 In Ninety-Three.



TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

BY LIEUT. R. H. FLETCHER.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER XV.

THE next day Mildred felt tired and listless. After all the excitement of the preceding days she took pleasure in the simple, peaceful routine of home. She had a late breakfast, and then went up to the attic. Shutting the door, she felt a sweet satisfaction in being alone in her old play-room. She took out all of her dolls. These were her only true friends and companions, she told herself; they never misjudged her or said unpleasant things of her. She had never been so happy as when playing with them, and she ought never to have abandoned them; she did not care if she *was* twelve years old, she would always love them; and to prove it she decided to make them all new dresses for Christmas. With this purpose in view, Mildred opened the old cowhide trunk, and began to look over its contents for suitable scraps of silk. While she was thus engaged she heard a familiar footstep on the stairs. At the sound she frowned, and when there was a knock on the door and Leslie's voice called out, "Can I come in?" Mildred did not answer for a moment, being tempted to let Leslie think she was not there. Then changing her mind, she threw all the scraps back into the trunk, and, shutting it, said, "Yes, come in."

"Oh, Dreddy!" said Leslie, coming right up to Mildred and going straight at the subject that was on her mind, as was her way, "I hurried over, just as soon as I had my breakfast, to tell you that I'm awfully sorry about what those girls said last night; and it was n't true at all. Everybody knows that you spoke my part just because I got to laughing and could n't say it; and they all thought it was just splendid of you to do it, and Carrie Wilkins had no business to say what she did, 'cause it was n't so! And you did n't believe it, did you?"

At that moment, as Leslie paused for breath

and fixed her honest blue eyes anxiously on Mildred's, Mildred would have dearly liked to have been able to say, "No, I did n't believe it"; but, as it was, she made no answer and looked away.

"Oh, you did believe it, did n't you?" said Leslie, looking surprised and hurt. "Charlie said that you would, and I said that you would not. I would n't have believed it if she had said it of you. Is that what made you behave so funny last night, when you were going away?"

"Well," said Mildred, driven into defending herself, "you certainly acted as if you were offended with me. I wanted to tell you how it all happened, and you kept away from me all the evening so that I could n't. Don't you know that you did?"

"Well," admitted Leslie, "I was a little bit mad at first, but that was because Charlie was so cross with me. I forgot all about it afterward. And as for my saying that you spoke my part just to make people look at you, you know I never said that at all, and I never thought it, and Carrie Wilkins had no business to say so. She was just mad 'cause she was not asked to take part in the play. And I'm going to tell her what I think of it, too, just as soon as ever I see her!"

"Oh, well," said Mildred, "as long as I know now that you did n't say it, it's all right. It's not worth making any more fuss about."

"I'm going to tell her, just the same," said Leslie, decidedly. "I don't like any one to act like that. Charlie was awfully mad when he heard about it."

"How did he know?" said Mildred.

"Why," said Leslie, "he came up just as you were talking to the girls, and he said that you looked so queer, he knew something must have happened. So after supper he danced with Mabel, who was with them, though she did n't

say anything mean, and Charlie got her to tell him all about it. And then he told ma and me, and ma was awfully put out about it, and I said I would come right over and tell you the first thing in the morning. So it's all right now, is n't it?"

"Yes," said Mildred, "it's all right now."

"Did you have a good time?" said Leslie.

"Yes, indeed I did," replied Mildred; "it was a lovely party."

And then they began talking over all that had happened, with a great deal of interest. While they were in the middle of their conversation another step was heard on the stairs, and Leslie, stopping to listen, exclaimed, "Well, if there is n't Charlie coming up, too!" Sure enough, there was a rap on the door, and Master Charlie, putting his head in, said, "Anybody at home?" He, too, had come to explain and apologize for Miss Wilkins's remark, but, seeing that Mildred was already quite pacified, he soon dropped the subject and joined in the discussion of the play. Going over the triumphs and laughing at the blunders of the night before, the time passed quickly, and the luncheon hour had arrived before Leslie and Charlie took their departure; and so the dolls once more had to go without new dresses.

When Mildred accompanied her friends down to the front door all ill feeling had disappeared, and she was ready to agree with Charlie that the play had been a great success. Leslie allowed Charlie to go ahead of her as they started down the street, and then, turning back, she whispered to Mildred, "Do you remember that secret Charlie had about you, a long time ago?"

"Yes," said Mildred, with great interest.

"Well," said Leslie, "you will know what it is Christmas morning. 'S-sh!' she exclaimed, as Charlie called her; "don't tell him that I told you." And so, running off, she left Mildred meditating over what she had said.

"Undoubtedly," thought Mildred, "this must mean that Charlie is going to give me a Christmas present." The knowledge made her glad, and she wondered what it would be. And yet, at the same time, she remembered with sudden regret that she had not thought of giving either Charlie or Leslie a Christmas present. If they gave her something and she gave them nothing

in return, that would be very awkward. And so she immediately went in search of her mother, whom she found in the kitchen helping Amanda make mince-meat and other Christmas dainties, and asked her advice on the subject.

"Don't you think, Mama," said Mildred, "that I ought to give them something?"

"Well, no," said her mother; "I do not. That is, I don't think you ought to make them a present just because they are going to give you one. That is not the sentiment of Christmas at all."

"If you had thought of it in time it would have been a pretty attention to have made Leslie something. But it is too late now."

"Could n't I buy her a present?" said Mildred.

"No," said her mother; "because that would not mean the same thing."

"But, Mama," protested Mildred, "I want to do something. Don't you think I have time to make just some little thing?"

"No, dear," said her mother; "I really do not. Christmas is the day after to-morrow. This afternoon we are going shopping, and to-morrow we are going to help get the Christmas dinner ready at the Orphans' Home. The best suggestion I can make is for you to buy two pretty Christmas cards, one for Charlie and one for Leslie, and send them Christmas morning. That, without making any pretensions to being a gift, will show that you did not forget them, which, after all, is what you want."

Mildred was not altogether contented with this decision, but, seeing no way to remedy it, she made the best of the matter. When she went with her mother that afternoon to buy Amanda's head-kерchief and Eliza's purse, she made a selection of two pretty Christmas cards, and when she found that they cost almost as much as she had expected to pay for a "regular present," she was much better satisfied; for which her mother good-naturedly laughed at her.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHRISTMAS morning dawned very gently and very slowly on Washington city, because it came in a snow-storm—a good old-fashioned snow-storm everybody said, as they looked out of

their windows and saw the ledges softly rounded up with two or three inches of snow, and the roofs of the houses and the streets all smoothly white. When Mildred looked out of her window, she danced up and down with delight; and indeed the snow did make a beautiful sight. There were the old familiar trees in the garden,

was in this fashion that Mildred received her home presents. They were brought into her room mysteriously in the night when she was asleep, and when she awoke in the morning there they were to greet her opening eyes. Of course, since she had grown to be twelve years old, Santa Claus had taken Mildred's name



"SEATED BEFORE THE FIRE, MILDRED BEGAN THE DELIGHTFUL BUSINESS OF OPENING HER BUNDLES."

looking quite strange, all covered with feathery white blossoms; and on the top of the brick wall was a long white bolster, and on each spike of the iron railings a little white hood, and over all the hush of the silently falling flakes.

But there were other things for Mildred to look at beside the snow, this Christmas morning. There was a stocking hanging from the mantel, all bulging out with knobs and sharp corners, and a chair by the side of her bed piled up with packages big and little. For it

off his regular visiting-list, but nevertheless she could not give up the habit of hanging up her stocking Christmas eve, and she never failed to find it filled Christmas morning.

And now, wrapped in a blanket, seated with her feet curled under her in a big chair before the red, snapping fire, Mildred, assisted by Eliza, began the delightful business of opening her bundles. There were books from her mother, a gold bead necklace from her father, a huge cake from Amanda, with "Mildred"

written on the top in sugar, and a complete doll's wardrobe from Eliza, besides all the quaint and funny things in her stocking.

In this pleasant occupation they were interrupted by the ringing of the first bell for breakfast, which brought Eliza to her feet with the exclamation, "The good lan's sake! W'at am I thinkin' 'bout, squand'rin' my time like this!" And hurrying away, she left Mildred to finish her toilet.

When Mildred bounded into the breakfast-room a few minutes later, her arms filled with her treasures, she found her mother there alone.

"Merry Christmas, Mama!" she cried, putting down her bundles and throwing her arms around her mother's neck. "Here 's a kiss for Christmas, and here are twenty for the books. They 're just too lovely for anything!"

"I 'm glad that you like them, dear," said her mother, after returning her greeting.

"Indeed I do," said Mildred; "they are just what I wanted, and I 'm so much obliged to you. And here 's a little present that I made for you," continued Mildred, bringing forth the tidy. "I made it all myself."

"Why, how nicely you have done it!" said her mother. "It is very pretty, indeed."

"There are some parts that are not so good as others," said Mildred, thinking about the work she had done on that unfortunate Saturday afternoon; "but I could n't help that."

"Well, I don't know," said her mother, looking at the tidy critically; "it all seems to me very well done. In fact, I did not know that you could work so nicely. Thank you, sweetheart, very much"; and she gave Mildred another kiss.

Quite satisfied with the result of her labors, Mildred proceeded to show her mother her other presents. "Amanda made me a great big cake, Mama. And Eliza made me these doll's clothes. See here! Are n't they nice? They are made just like real persons' clothes, exactly." And after her mother had admired these things, Mildred at last put her hand in her pocket and, drawing forth the bead necklace, exclaimed in great triumph, "But *now*, what do you think I 've got?" And hiding it mysteriously between the palms of her hands, she laid her cheek against them and looked at her mother

with dancing eyes. "See that!" she cried, suddenly opening her hands. "Is n't it beautiful?"

"Are you very glad to have it?" said her mother, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"Oh, indeed I am," said Mildred; "ever so glad,—you don't know! But where is papa?" she continued. "What makes him so late?"

"He does not feel very well this morning," replied her mother; "and he is going to take breakfast in his room."

"Oh!" cried Mildred, her face lengthening with disappointment, "I 'm so sorry. I wanted to thank him, and I wanted to give him his present, too."

"Well, never mind, dear," said her mother; "you and I will breakfast together, and after that we will go and pay papa a visit."

If Mildred's attention had not been taken up at that moment by the entrance of Amanda, she might have seen that her mother's cheerfulness was altogether assumed and that she looked pale and careworn. The fact was, she had been sitting up for many weary hours with Major Fairleigh, who had been so sick in the middle of the night that Eliza had to be called up and sent for the doctor. But all this had been concealed from Mildred, her father himself having requested that her Christmas joy might not be spoiled.

So, after Mildred had thanked Amanda for the cake and presented the head-kerchief, her mother called her attention to some more packages that had arrived that morning.

Two of the new packages were boxes that had come by express, and they had to be opened with a hatchet. One of them was from Mrs. Fairleigh's sister who lived in Paris, and it contained presents for all of the family. To Mildred was sent a sealskin jacket and cap. This very handsome gift was quite enough to send Mildred dancing around the room again with joy, and altogether created quite a sensation. The other box was very rough-looking, and when opened proved to be full of big yellow oranges. This was a present from a cousin of Major Fairleigh's, who owned a ranch in California. With the third package was a card upon which was written, "For Miss Mildred Fairleigh, with a Merry Christmas, from Chas. G. Morton." This, then, was Charlie's secret!

Mildred stood first on one foot, and then on the other, in her impatience as Eliza opened the bundle. "Why, it 's nothing but string!" she exclaimed, as the wrappers were taken off.

"What kind o' present 's that!" said Eliza, indignantly.

"Open it out," said Mrs. Fairleigh, herself somewhat puzzled. "Oh, I see," she added; "it is a hammock, and a very pretty one, too."

"But what is it for, Mama?" said Mildred.

"Why, to lie down in, dear," said her mother. "Don't you remember they had them under the trees at Sulphur Springs?"

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Mildred; "but where can I hang it—in my play-room?"

"Yes," said her mother, "that would be a very good place for it. And now let us have breakfast."

But although Amanda had cooked them a royal breakfast, neither Mildred nor her mother seemed very hungry. Mrs. Fairleigh made a pretense of eating, but Mildred was too much excited over her presents for even that. They had almost finished, and Mildred was hurrying that she might go up-stairs to see her father, when the door-bell rang, and Mildred, clapping her hands, looked up and exclaimed, "Another present!" But no; Eliza went to the door, and in a few minutes returned, announcing the doctor.

"Show him in here," said Mrs. Fairleigh.

Dr. Strong was a surgeon in the army, and a very old friend of the family. He was stout and jolly, and came in from the snow-storm looking like a red apple. "Merry Christmas to you all!" he cried, as he entered the room rubbing his hands. "Good morning, Mrs. Fairleigh. This is fine wintry weather. Aha! Miss Mildred, Santa Claus has been here, I see. I met him coming away, and he told me that he had forgotten to give you this." And the doctor handed Mildred a good-sized parcel which proved to be a blue satin box filled with French candies.

"Won't you sit down and have some breakfast, Doctor?" said Mrs. Fairleigh, after Mildred had thanked him.

"No, no," he said; "don't mind me. I've had my breakfast, an hour ago. I don't know,

though; I believe I will have a cup of that famous coffee of Amanda's. Bless my soul!" he continued, "what 's all this? A hammock, and oranges! Why, that 's quite tropical."

"Papa's cousin John sent me the oranges," said Mildred. "He has a big ranch away out in California."

"Has he so?" said the doctor, looking at Mildred in a thoughtful way. "Cousin John has a ranch in California, has he?" And, sitting down, the doctor slowly stirred his coffee, looking into it in the same meditative way, and saying, "Humph! A ranch in California; yes, yes. Well," he added, finally looking up, "and how is the patient?"

Mrs. Fairleigh, catching the doctor's eye, glanced meaningly at Mildred, as she answered, "We hope he will do very well, Doctor."

"Ah, yes," replied the doctor, looking at Mildred; "exactly."

"Can I go up now and see papa?" said Mildred.

"So far as I am concerned, you may," said the doctor.

"I think, perhaps, that you might go up, dear," said her mother, "and tell papa that the doctor is here. But don't stay too long."

Taking a few of her presents with her to show her father, Mildred left the room.

As soon as the door closed upon her the doctor said, "Well, how is he?"

"I think he feels a little more comfortable," said Mrs. Fairleigh. "But, oh, Doctor," she added, her eyes filling with tears, "I am so uneasy!"

"Of course, of course," replied the doctor; "it is natural that you should be. At the same time I don't think that you have any cause for immediate apprehension. The fact of the matter is, Washington at this time of the year is no place for the Major. He ought to be out on 'Cousin John's' ranch in California, where he can stay out of doors all day long, and take life easy in a hammock under the orange-trees. I wish he were there now."

"You really think that he ought to go away?" asked Mrs. Fairleigh, anxiously.

"Yes, my dear friend, I do," said the doctor. "As I have told you before, I think that some day a surgical operation may relieve him of that

Gettysburg bullet, and bring about his recovery. But there is no use talking of that until he is strong enough to bear it. He is not gaining strength in this most trying climate of Washington; on the contrary, he is losing it, and to speak frankly I don't think that he can safely live here in his present condition."

"If you think that, Doctor," said Mrs. Fairleigh, gravely, "I shall try my best to induce him to go away."

"I have no hesitation in saying, my dear madam, that in my opinion it is the best thing you can do. However, the first and most important point is to get the Major on his feet again."

At this moment Mildred returned.

"Papa says to give you his compliments, Doctor," she said, "and he will be pleased to have you come up-stairs."

"Oh, he will," said the doctor. "*Très bien, Ma'mselle*; I will go immediately."

"Don't you think that papa will be able to come down to dinner, Mama?" said Mildred, mournfully, after the doctor had left. "It won't seem like Christmas unless he does."

"Maybe he will, dear," said her mother. "These attacks don't last very long, you know. Would n't you like to go out and take a run in the snow? Why not go and see Leslie, and then you can thank Charlie for the hammock."

"Oh, yes, I would like to do that," said Mildred, brightening up. And a few moments later, in her new sealskin cap and coat, she was plowing her way through the snow.

Mildred found Leslie and her brother in their yard making a snow fort. They set up a shout when they saw her and called out, "Merry Christmas!" At the same time Leslie let drive a snowball which came very close to Mildred's ear; and then she ran out and hugged her.

"Why, Dreddy!" she cried. "How cute you look! Is that a Christmas present? Sealskin is awfully becoming to you; is n't it, Charlie?"

Charlie agreed. For Mildred's black curly hair mingling with the fur of the cap, and her black eyes, and red cheeks, and white teeth appearing just above the dark fur of the coat did make a pretty contrast.

"Come in and see all the things I've got," said Leslie, putting her arm around her. Then

she whispered, "Did you get Charlie's present? He made it himself." And then she giggled and looked around at Charlie.

But he happened to be close behind her and overheard what was said. "Aha!" he exclaimed, "I heard you talking about me, Miss!" And scooping up a little snow he threw it over her.

"Oo-oo-oo!" exclaimed Leslie, squirming around, half laughing, half scolding. "You mean, hateful thing!" And then having brushed off the snow as well as she could, she suddenly stooped and made a snow-ball which she threw at Charlie with all her might. But Charlie ducked his head in time to avoid it, and picking up a handful of snow himself, he made a great show of welding it together very hard for Leslie's benefit; at which Leslie fled into the house.

Mildred and Charlie followed, laughing. But Leslie had her revenge, for she had let down the latch of the front door so that Charlie had to ring the bell and wait for the servant to let him in, while Leslie stood at the parlor window making fun of him. Mildred took advantage of this opportunity to thank Charlie for the hammock.

"Did you like it?" he said.

"Yes, indeed," said Mildred. "And I was so surprised. I never had a hammock before, and this is such a pretty one. Did you really make it yourself?"

"Yes," said Charlie, "I made it; but it has been so long since I made one that I'm afraid this is n't first-class."

"I'm sure it is," said Mildred, enthusiastically. "It's beautifully made. I don't see how you could do it at all. I thought Leslie was just in fun when she said that you made it."

"A Mexican packer taught me how," said Charlie. "They make much prettier ones out of colored grass."

"I think it was very nice of you to do so much for me," said Mildred, heartily.

"Oh, it's nothing!" said Charlie, blushing and stamping the snow off his feet.

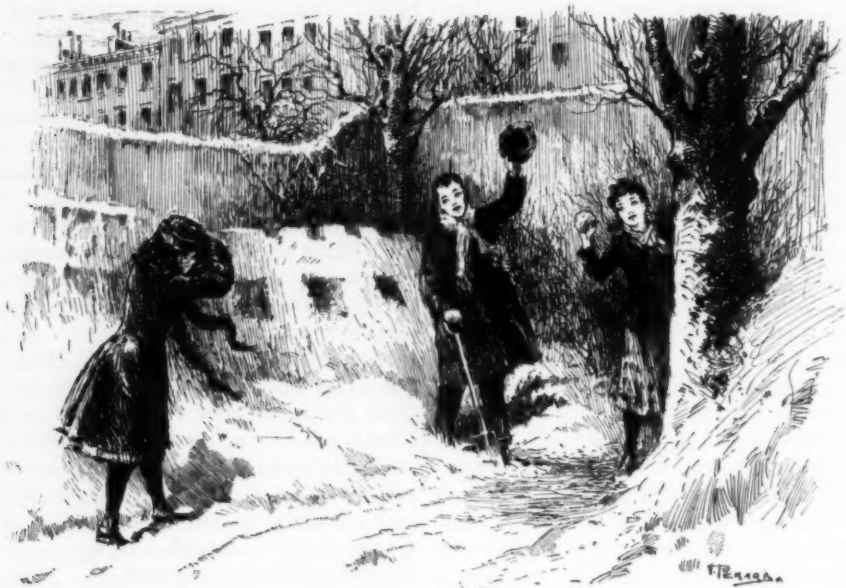
At this moment Leslie consented to open the door, and carried Mildred off to show her the presents.

But Mildred did not stay long. She felt anx-

ious and restless on account of her father's illness. For although it was not at all unusual for her father to be unwell enough to have to take breakfast in his own room, somehow or other it seemed to sadden Mildred more on

holly-berries out of the hall and out of my room and put them in there, shall I?"

"If you like, dear," said her mother. "I think it would be very nice to make the dining-room look as pretty as possible for papa."



"LESLIE LET DRIVE A SNOWBALL WHICH CAME VERY CLOSE TO MILDRED'S EAR."

this Christmas morning. And so, despite Leslie's protests, she soon ran back through the snow to her own house. And as she entered her mother's sitting-room, with its cheerful fire and dear, familiar objects, she felt that home was the only place to spend Christmas in, after all.

Her mother came in as she stood warming her feet, and Mildred instantly saw that there was a happier expression on her face.

"Is papa better?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, much better," said her mother.

"He is sitting up now, and he thinks that perhaps he will be able to come down-stairs for a little while this evening, so that we may all have our Christmas dinner together."

"I'm so glad!" cried Mildred, with a little jump. "That will be splendid! And I tell you, Mama, the dining-room is n't decorated half enough. I'll get some of the greens and

And that evening the dining-room did look as pretty as possible. The firelight and candlelight flickered upon the burnished silver and glassware set out on the massive mahogany sideboard, and upon the pretty table-service; while Mildred's evergreens and red berries, wreathed around the chandelier and picture-frames, and around the brass frame of the antique mantel mirror, with its brass sconces each side full of tall wax candles, gave the room a jolly Christmas air that would have made any one's heart glad.

Mrs. Fairleigh, dressed in a plain black velvet gown that had been made for her a great many years ago, and yet that looked all the prettier for being old-fashioned, with a sprig of mistle-toe and red berries at her throat, assisted her husband to his easy-chair at the head of the table. In this affectionate ceremony she was helped by Mildred. Then Eliza, arrayed in a

new dress; the gift of Mrs. Fairleigh, served the soup and the fish and at last the turkey, a big, fat bird, of a rich brown crispiness, the sight of which caused Mildred to laugh aloud. But, after all, this was as nothing compared to the effect produced by the arrival of the plum-pudding. For this luscious globe was borne in, all aflame with brandy-sauce, by no less a person than Amanda herself. Amanda was dressed in a new gown also, with Mildred's head-kerchief turbaned around her grizzled hair, and a white cambric kerchief crossed upon her breast, pinned with a gold pin, the gift of Major Fairleigh. When she set the plum-pudding on the table, and stood back, there may have been prouder women than Amanda in Washington that night, but it is doubtful.

Then, according to an old custom in the family, Major Fairleigh poured a glass of wine for each of the servants, and in a little speech thanked them for their faithful labor and devotion to his family during the past year, and,

wishing them all prosperity, he drank their very good health.

Amanda responded to this as she had always done ever since Mildred could remember, and in pretty much the same words. She first took off her big silver spectacles and wiped them, and then, putting them on again, said: "Marse Will, I 'se sarved de Dwights an' de Fairleighs nigh on to fifty year. I held Miss Mary dere in my arms when she war a baby, an' I raised her till she done got married to you, Marse Will; an' den I come 'long wid her an' helped to raise Miss Milly dere. An' I doan' ax fer no mo' prosperity dan w'at comes to me along wid de fambly nat'rally, a-sarvin' you an' yourn." Here Amanda, for the first time in Mildred's experience, hesitated a little and then proceeded in a lower voice, "I doan' ax fer no mo' prosperity dan to see you git well an' strong ag'in, Marse Will. So yere 's you' very good healt', an' Miss Mary's, an' Miss Milly's, an' may de good Lord bless you all! Amen!"

(To be continued.)

THE DAY THAT NEVER COMES.

BY CHARLES H. LUGRIN.

I 'm tired of waiting for "some day."

Oh, when will it ever be here?

I 'm sure I have waited and waited

A good deal more than a year.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday,

And all the rest of the week,

Keep coming, and coming, and coming;

But at "some day" I don't get a peek.

I 've looked all the almanac over,

And showed every page to my doll;

And we 're sure (how I hope we 're mistaken!)

"Some day" is not in it at all.

The things I 'm to have on "some day"

I could n't half tell in an age;

A tricycle, pony, a parrot,

A birdie that sings in a cage.

A cute little smutty-nosed pug-dog,

The prettiest tortoise-shell cat;

And papa says, maybe, the measles—

I 'm sure I don't care about that.

And mama is going to take me

To see lots of beautiful things;

And big brother Jack and Kitty

Will give me two lovely gold rings.

And "some day" I 'll find out the reason

Of things I can't now understand;

And "some day" I 'll have a big dolly

That can walk and hold on by my hand.

Oh, I 'm tired of waiting for "some day"—

It makes me just cross. I declare.

I 'm afraid, when it really does get here,

I 'll be a big girl and won't care.



BY ROYALL BASCOM SMITHEY.

FEW months ago I took a journey by sea. When the steamer had passed quite out of sight of land, a gentleman from Ohio remarked in rather a nervous way:

"It seems to me as if I had left the whole world behind me."

"How," I asked, "would you feel if no one had ever crossed the Atlantic before?"

He laughingly replied, "In that event, nothing could make me go on this voyage."

When he had gone, I fell to thinking of the indomitable courage of the great Columbus, who first sailed over the sea from Europe to America, and of the honor all Americans ought to render to his memory. Surely he must have had visions of very beautiful lands to encourage him, or, so great were the difficulties he had to encounter, he would have given up in despair.

The one idea of his life, which has rendered him the greatest discoverer in the annals of history, was that the Indies could be reached by sailing west from Europe. He was poor, and needed money to test the truth of his theory. He first had high hopes that his own countrymen, the Genoese, would aid him; but they took no interest in his scheme. He next

applied to the Portuguese, sustained by the belief that these pioneers in discovery would give him a favorable hearing. Again he was disappointed; and he now turned to Spain, arriving there in the year 1485. He met with some encouragement from the Spanish sovereigns; and he spent five years in solicitation at their court, hoping all the time they would agree to relieve him of the financial difficulties that barred his way. But Ferdinand and Isabella were busy with their wars; and finally, in 1490, they indefinitely postponed the matter. After this, there is evidence that Columbus laid his plans before several Spanish noblemen, but with no better success.

He now decided to ask aid from the King of France, and he prepared to go to that country; but, at the advice of Friar Juan Perez, one of his most faithful friends, he resolved once more to try the court of Spain. Juan Perez, who had acted as Queen Isabella's confessor, wrote to her indorsing the great navigator's idea.

Columbus reached the Queen to make his last appeal at a time when of all others he might hope to find her in a gracious mood. It was in 1492, just after the Spaniards had captured Granada from the Moors, and had planted their

banners upon the red towers of its renowned fortress, the Alhambra. The noble Isabella had all the time been really interested in Columbus's plan; and she now consented to help him.

But even after he had been fitted out for his voyage under her patronage, his troubles were by no means at an end. The three ships that were furnished him, called the "Santa Maria," the "Pinta," and the "Niña," were small, light craft, but poorly suited for a long and perilous journey. The sailors who manned them had been obtained with much difficulty. With few exceptions, they had little appreciation of the greatness of the enterprise.

When the expedition set sail from Palos, on the 3d of August, 1492, not a single spectator gave it a hearty "God-speed"; but, on all sides, the gloomiest predictions were made as to the fate of the men who were going to venture out upon the Sea of Darkness, which was supposed to surround the known world. The minds of the sailors could not but be affected by the lack of faith in the enterprise they had seen stamped upon the faces of their friends; and so they were ready to magnify real dangers, and to let their minds run wild over imaginary ones. Christopher Columbus alone had to quiet their fears, answer their objections, and breathe into them some of his own courage; and this, too, when he himself sorely needed support.

The route from Palos to the Canary Isles was not an unknown one; and this much of the distance was easily passed over. Here Columbus stopped till the 6th of September to repair the *Pinta*, whose rudder had been lost. Upon one of these islands is situated Mount Teneriffe, which was found to be in full eruption. As the sailors saw this, they shuddered and said: "This is an evil omen, and betokens a disastrous end to our voyage." But Columbus quieted their superstitions. He explained the nature of volcanoes, and called to their minds Mount Etna, with which they were familiar.

But when they looked back over the course they had taken, and saw the last of the Canary Isles grow dim in the distant offing and then fade out of sight, tears trickled down their bronzed faces, as the thought came to them that their ships were now, indeed, plowing through trackless seas. But they took heart

again as Columbus told them of the riches and magnificence of India, which he assured them lay directly to the west.

So the voyage progressed without further incident worthy of remark till the 13th of September, when the magnetic needle, which was then believed always to point to the pole-star, stood some five degrees to the northwest. At this the pilots lost courage. "How," they thought, "was navigation possible in seas where the compass, that unerring guide, had lost its virtue?" When they carried the matter to Columbus, he at once gave them an explanation which, though not the correct one, was yet very ingenious, and shows the philosophic turn of his mind. The needle, he said, pointed not to the North Star, but to a fixed place in the heavens. The North Star had a motion around the pole, and in following its course had moved from the point to which the needle was always directed.

Hardly had the alarm caused by the variation of the needle passed away, when two days later, after nightfall, the darkness that hung over the water was lighted up by a great meteor, which shot down from the sky into the sea. Signs in the heavens have always been a source of terror to the uneducated; and this "flame of fire," as Columbus called it, rendered his men uneasy and apprehensive. Their vague fears were much increased when, on the 16th of September, they reached the Sargasso Sea, in which floating weeds were so densely matted that they impeded the progress of the ships. Whispered tales now passed from one sailor to another of legends they had heard of seas full of shoals and treacherous quicksands upon which ships had been found stranded with their sails flapping idly in the wind, and manned by skeleton crews. Columbus ever cheerful and even-tempered, answered these idle tales by sounding the ocean and showing that no bottom could be reached.

As the ships were upon unknown seas, it was natural that every unusual circumstance should give the sailors alarm. Even the easterly trade-winds, into the region of which they had entered, and which were so favorable to their westward progress, occasioned the gravest fears. "In these seas," they reasoned, "the winds always blow from the east. How, then, can we

ever go back to Spain?" But on September 22 the wind blew strongly from the west, which proved a return to Spain was not impossible.

Still, the men thought they had gone far enough, and daily grew more impatient and distrustful of their commander, whom, after all, they knew only as a foreign adventurer whose ideas learned men had pronounced visionary. They formed a plan to throw Columbus into the sea. This done, they proposed, on their return to Spain, to say he had fallen overboard as he consulted his astronomical instruments.

Columbus, whose keen eye saw signs of rising mutiny, took steps to meet it. The men who were timid he encouraged with kind words. To the avaricious he spoke of the great wealth they would find in the new countries. Those who were openly rebellious he threatened with the severest punishment. Thus, by managing the men with tact, he kept them at their posts of duty till September 25, when, from certain favorable signs, every one grew hopeful that land was near. The sea was now calm, and, as the ships sailed close together, wafted westward by gentle breezes, Martin Pinzon, who commanded the *Pinta*, cried out, "Land, land!" and forthwith began to chant the "*Gloria in Excelsis*." But he had been deceived by a ridge of low-lying cloud. For a week following, from many favorable indications, all on board were confident that as each day drew to a close land would be discovered on the next—and with each morning came bitter disappointment. This state of feeling continued till October 7, when, as the *Niña*, the smallest of the vessels, was breasting the waves ahead of the others, she suddenly hoisted a flag and, as a signal that land had been sighted, fired a gun, the first ever heard upon those silent waters. But the ships sailed on; and no land came in view.

The high hopes of the sailors now left them. The golden countries promised them seemed to recede as they approached. They became firmly resolved that they would give up the search after phantom lands and return to their homes. Columbus had exhausted his powers of persuasion. He now boldly announced that he would continue his voyage to the Indies in spite of all dangers. Doubtless he knew he could not much longer control his tur-

bulent, hot-tempered followers. But the 11th of October, the day after he had come to an open rupture with them, brought unmistakable signs that land was near—such indications as fresh weeds that grow near running water, fish that were known to live about rocks, a limb of a tree with berries on it, and a carved staff. Every eye eagerly scanned the horizon. Night came on, however, and land had not been discovered; but the eager men were too happy to close their eyes in sleep. About ten o'clock, Columbus saw a light in the distance which moved to and fro in the darkness; and, shortly after midnight, a sailor on the *Pinta* made the welcome announcement that land could be seen. The ships now took in sail, and waited for the morning. As the 12th of October dawned, and the light of the rising sun dispelled the soft morning mists, Columbus's patience and unflagging zeal had their reward. He could plainly see land; and he tells us it looked "like a garden full of trees." It was an island belonging to what is now the Bahama group.

The ships soon cast anchor; and the boats were let down and rowed rapidly to a landing-place on the coast. Columbus, richly dressed and wearing complete armor, sprang upon the shore, bearing aloft the colors of Spain. He was closely followed by the captains of the *Pinta* and the *Niña* and a number of sailors, each captain carrying a banner upon which were wrought a green cross and the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella. They all, as soon as their feet touched the land, "fell upon their knees," and offered up their "immense thanksgivings to Almighty God."

When Columbus arose he planted the flag of Spain firmly in the soil. Who can properly appreciate the feelings that must have stirred his soul at this moment!

No wonder that Columbus was radiant with joy as he looked around him. No wonder that he wrote in his journal: "The beauty of the new land far surpasses the *Campaña de Cordova*. The trees are bright with an ever verdant foliage, and are always laden with fruit. The plants on the ground are high and flowering. The air is warm as that of April in Castile."

No wonder that he said: "I felt as if I could never leave so charming a spot, as if a thousand

tongues would fail to describe all these things, and as if my hand were spellbound and refused to write."

Joy filled his heart; for he regarded himself as under the special guidance of God. Truly he had cause for thankfulness. Heaven had given him a high and noble purpose and had granted

him its fulfilment. He had reached the land that lay west of Europe, and which he believed to be a remote part of Asia; but he had really found America. By his hand the veil of obscurity had been lifted from the New World, and soon it became known to civilized man in all its matchless beauty.



WHEN the feast is spread in our country's
name,

When the nations are gathered from far
and near,

When East and West send up the same
Glad shout, and call to the lands, "Good
cheer!"

When North and South shall give their
bloom,

The fairest and best of the century born,
Oh, then for the king of the feast make room!
Make room, we pray, for the scarlet thorn!

Not the goldenrod from the hillsides blest,
Not the pale arbutus from pastures rare,
Not the waving wheat from the mighty West,
Nor the proud magnolia tall and fair
Shall Columbia unto the banquet bring.

They, willing of heart, shall stand and wait;
For the thorn, with his scarlet crown, is king.
Make room for him at the splendid fête!

Do we not remember the olden tale?

And that terrible day of dark despair,
When Columbus, under the lowering sail,

VOL. XIX.—43.

Sent out to the hidden lands his prayer?
And was it not he of the scarlet bough

Who first went forth from shore to greet
That lone grand soul, at the vessel's prow,
Defying fate with his tiny fleet?

Grim treachery threatened, above, below,
And death stood close at the captain's side,
When he saw—oh, joy!—in the sunset glow,
The thorn-tree's branch o'er the waters
glide.

"Land! Land ahead!" was the joyful shout;
The vesper hymn o'er the ocean swept;
The mutinous sailors faced about;
Together they fell on their knees and wept.

At dawn they landed with pennons white;
They kissed the sod of San Salvador;
But dearer than gems on his doublet bright
Were the scarlet berries their leader bore;
Thorny and sharp, like his future crown,
Blood-red, like the wounds in his great
heart made,

Yet an emblem true of his proud renown
Whose glorious colors shall never fade.

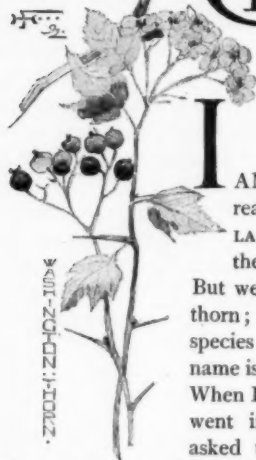
WHITE THORN

APPLE HAW

"The Scarlet Thorn."

By

John Burroughs.



I AM asked to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS something about the "Scarlet Thorn." But we have no scarlet thorn; that is, no one species to which this name is specially applied. When I was a boy I once went into a store and asked the merchant for a piece of "flowered calico." Some girl had asked me to contribute a "block" to her quilt. My people laughed at me when I told them, because they said all calico was "flowered." So I may say that all or nearly all thorn-apples are red, though I have occasionally seen a yellow variety. Every country boy and girl knows the thorn-tree, with its mass of white bloom in May and its mass of red fruit in the fall. Last September I spent some weeks in a farm-house situated high up on one of the pastoral slopes of the Catskills, and one of my favorite walks was to a thorn-tree that grew in a remote field on the mountain-side. It was loaded with pale-red fruit, which, the latter part of the month, was excellent. The mellow ones fell to the ground. I used to pick out the larger and fairer ones, and when I had eaten enough would fill my pockets to give the people at the house a treat. The cattle liked them, too, and often I would find the ground cleaned of them, but a little shake of the tree would bring down more. There were several thorn-

trees that grew all about, but this particular one had fruit that surpassed all others in its quality. I had discovered when a boy that their fruit differed in this respect as much as did that of apple-trees. Nearer by the house were some thorn-trees that had unusually large fruit, but it was so hard and dry I could not eat it.

There are a great many species of the thorn distributed throughout the United States. All the northern species, so far as I know, have white flowers. In the South they are more inclined to be pink or roseate. If Columbus picked up at sea a spray of the thorn, it was doubtless some Southern species,—let us believe it was the Washington thorn, which grows on the banks of streams from Virginia to the Gulf, and loads heavily with small red fruit. One species of thorn in the South is called the apple-haw; its fruit is large, and is much used for tarts and jellies. The commonest species throughout New York and New England is probably the white thorn; its thorns and branches are of a whitish tinge, the fruit coral-red. Our thorn-trees do not differ very much from the English hawthorn.

The thorn belongs to the great family of trees that includes the apple, peach, pear, raspberry, strawberry, etc.,—namely, the rose family, or *Rosacea*. Hence the apple, pear, and plum are often grafted on the white thorn.

A curious thing about the thorns is that they are suppressed or abortive branches. The ancestor of this tree must have been terribly abused some time, to have its branches turn to

thorns. Take a young apple-tree and use it roughly enough, put it in hard, stony soil, let the cattle browse it down and hook it and bruise it, and it will develop thorns almost as hard and quite as sharp as those of the thorn-tree; its tender branches become so discouraged and embittered that they turn almost to bone, and wound the hand that touches them. The seedling pear-tree is usually very thorny when young, much more so than the apple, which makes one think it is more recently out of the woods. As it grows older its manner in this respect improves.

An apple-tree or a thorn-tree in the fields where the cattle can come at it, has a prolonged struggle for existence, and they both behave in about the same manner. They spread out upon all sides and grow very dense, crabbed, and thorny, till they have become so broad upon the ground that the cattle cannot

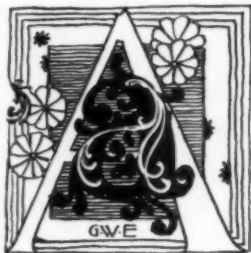
reach their central shoots; then quickly from the midst of this spiny mound up goes a stalk, and the tree has won the victory. After this stalk becomes a fully developed tree, in the case of the apple, the thorns disappear and the barrier of crabbed branches at its foot gradually dies down. But the thorn-tree does not get over its wrath so readily; it keeps its sharp, spiteful weapons as if to guard its fruit against some imaginary danger.

I have an idea that persistent cultivation and good treatment would greatly mollify the sharp temper of the thorn, if not change it completely.

The flower of the thorn would become us well as the national flower. It belongs to such a hardy, spunky, unconquerable tree, and to such a numerous and useful family. Certainly, it would be vastly better than the merely delicate and pretty wild flowers that have been so generally named.

CORNWALLIS'S MEN.

BY LILLIAN L. PRICE.



LAN, lad, hast thee closed up the mill?"

"Ay, Mother; 'deed I have," laughed Alan, coming into the living-room from the mill-place, and brushing flour from his rosy face as he spoke.

"Thou thinkest I have no head for caretaking, Mother; but 'deed the sluices are shut and the sacks bestowed; every bar is up and weighted, and the place dark as a dungeon. I'm going to help Nancy fetch the milk."

"Snuff the candles and jog poppet's cradle yon," said the busy dame, stirring the porridge-pot, with a thoughtful look in her eyes. "It be a coldish night, Alan. Spy carefully up and down the road as thee goest to Nancy. Hark! what was that?"

"Oh, nothing at all, Mother!" said Alan, putting the wooden yoke for the milk-pails over his

shoulders. "Belike it was Sukey stamping in her stall."

He tramped off to the barnyard, but the good-wife was not satisfied.

She called the children from their romp in the out-kitchen, and, putting their bowls of porridge before them, took up a candle and entered the dark mill to examine its fastenings herself.

It was a warm, sweet, musty place. The rafters were half hidden by dusty festoons of cobwebs. The hoppers, which whirred and purred all day long for the family living, stood silent and dumb. The wooden wheel shutting off the sluices lay well fastened back, and high in a corner was the pile of white bags, tied and billeted with wooden tally-sticks, and awaiting their owners.

"There's a smitch of good corn there," said the dame, leaning over to push her finger against a bag lest it were not filled to hard pressure. "Many a loaf of bread for Dale-Rill-side lies there, and corn's none too plenty with the war and plundering all about us!" She sighed and went back to the living-room.

Nancy and Alan entered with the milk-pails. "It's freezing a weeny," said Nancy, giving over her pails to her mother. "There's a bit of ice along the goose brook. The ground's hard as the ax-head, and oh, but there's a bonny circle round the moon!"

"Snow," commented Alan. "And then Squire Mortimer cannot ride down to pay his tally and give us the silver for winter shoon."

"You can ay foot it a bit longer as you stand," said the dame, smiling. "It's not lack of silver that fretteth me, nor the riding down of the Squire. I pray we do not see the riding down of Cornwallis's men."

"They raided Sandy Farm last week," remarked Alan, flinging a billet of wood on the fire. "They took all the cattle."

"What would 'ee do, brever Alan, if Cornwallis came to 'ee mill?" piped a wee towhead over his porridge-bowl.

"Hark to Jackie!" laughed Alan, catching him up for a kiss. "'Deed, I would put spurs to Sukey, and ride—ride—ride—over sticks and stones and stubble, forsooth, to our camp on the Raritan."

"Ay, lad, it's brave to say; but I would not have the trial for thee,—that would I not!"

Nancy cleared away the supper and sang the children to sleep, as they lay in their low trundlebeds with the door of the living-room open. "Sing 'Burned Byres,'" pleaded Jackie, sleepily. The tall candles flared, and Nancy crooned,

Click clacket, click clacket,
They ridet away,
Full forty brave men
At th' peep o' th' day;
But say was it brav'ry
Burned byres to see
O'er all the broad village
O' Stane-by-the-Lea?

"Thee's a bit too gruesome in thy singing," sighed the dame, listening sharply. "Hist! Does thee no hear hoof-beats?"

"Ay, do I," said Nancy, quietly; and going to the lattice she turned its broad button and looked out across the gray moonlit landscape far northward to the line of woods. The brooding stillness of coming snow lay over everything. Through this stillness, sharp and distinct came the even but distant beat of hoofs,—not the

light click of a single rider, but the sound of a number of horses' feet.

"They be over the ridge yet," said Nancy, taking down her saddle. "'T is windless, and sound travels far. Which shall 't be that rides Sukey, Mother—Alan or I?"

Alan came in at the door.

"Not thy saddle, Nancy," he cried. "Let me go!"

"Nay, I am safe enough on Sukey! Bethink thee of the rough soldiers! Stay to protect mother, Alan!"

"But the road is dark and broken; soldier bands are prowling hither and yon," he cried, looking with terror at Nancy tying on her cloak.

"Let Nancy go," said the dame. "We'll have shift enough to hold the mill, I fear."

"Now ride!" cried Alan, as Sukey was saddled, bitted, and bridled. "Ride, Nancy, and pray help from Dickinson's men."

Nancy caught up the bridle, and whispered to Sukey. Then away she rode in the darkness, humming half unconsciously the little song, as Sukey's hoofs beat the time:

Click clacket, click clacket,
They ridet away;
Their roses were red,
An' their feathers streamed gay.
But redder than roses
Th' stains you may see
Of sword and long saber
At Stane-by-the-Lea!

Alan carried the babies up into the garret, and snuggled them warm under blankets. They barricaded the living-room doors, and then the real difficulty arose in hiding the bags of flour.

"Where—where can they be stowed?" cried the dame. But Alan answered in action. Squaring his broad young shoulders for the task, he dragged them one at a time, and flung them down the well.

"Thee's ruined them forever, so!" wailed the dame.

"No, Mother, only for the bottom few, and e'en then Cornwallis's men shall not seize them—perchance. One looks not for flour down a well."

The soldiers were on the brow of the hill as the last fat bag sank below the well-curb. The

squad had made a detour to plunder a poultry-yard, and live chickens and geese squaked as they rode up. Alan barred the mill door, the mill being still full enough of corn and underground grain for rich spoil; and they waited.

next attacked, the lattices shaken and beaten, and splintering glass made holes in the diamond panes which a fist might enter.

"Open, open!—or we 'll burn ye,—mother and child!"



THE SACKING OF THE MILL.

"Open in the name o' the King!" cried a soldier's rough voice.

"Keep a still tongue, Mother," whispered Alan. "Let them ay batter and beat a while."

"Let us in to your fire! 'T is snowing geese-feathers!" roared another.

"Come, give us your bacon flitches an' ropes o' onions!"

"Corn, corn! Open th' mill!"

Sharp spurs clinked on the garden stones, while the white snow-storm showered down its scurrying first flakes, and then the stout oak doors of the mill shook with the battering force of muskets and clubs. The house doors were

"There be Hessians there," said Alan, quietly.

A great fist was thrust through the lattice, pushing the barricade backward, and then it was overturned with a crash, the window flung wide, and in another instant a soldier had hurled himself into the room, followed by several comrades, roaring and laughing.

"By my faith, Mother, this fire burns well! 'T will take the frost from our bones! Who owns this mill?"

"One Robert Dale, a patriot," answered Alan. "And he being in service, I, his son, am in charge."

"So ho, Sir Spratling? Come, then, show us the corn-bins."

"That will I not," he returned promptly.

"Come, lad," said a tall soldier of fine military bearing, who now appeared beyond the barricades. "'T is the shortest shrift. You or the dame must show us the bins, else my men will find them, and that will be worse for you."

"Mayhap," said Alan, firmly. "But I 'll not have it said that Alan Dale was the coward to show thieves how to steal the trusted goods of his neighbors! The bins be not hard for clever robbers to find. My service is not necessary."

"The lad says well," said the dame.

"Ye 'll no take my mother for guide either," continued Alan; "or I 'll give one of ye the chance to knock me down, and only that, that ye 've had the years to get the strength and size I lack!"

"Softly, softly! Go ahead, men," ordered the tall officer; "and keep a civil tongue, young Jackanapes, lest the men do you a mischief. I like you," he added, in a low quiet tone. Then he sat wearily down by the fire, whilst the men began the sack of the mill.

"Thou hast the look of a gentleman, sire. I would thy actions bore thee out," said the dame.

"Madam, war lays on the soldier commands which the man abhors," he replied. "Have you not a baby here?" as his eyes fell on the empty cradle.

"Yea."

"I left a little one three months old in Kent. If I might be trusted, can I see the baby?"

"No, he shall not, Mother, while he lets them carry on—bedlam yon in the mill-place!" cried Alan, tortured by the sounds he heard. "He shall not cosset our baby while his soldiers steal our corn!"

But the dame understood the look in the young officer's face, and brought in the baby, warm and rosy from her blanket nest under the rafters. She laid her in the officer's arms.

"Bonny, bonny baby!" he said, touching the tiny hands with reverent fingers and brushing the little cheek with his lips.

"I 'll no bide it!" cried Alan. "Put down our baby and call off your men."

"Soft, soft, son Alan! Hark!"

The officer started, too. Again the sounds of

hoof-beats approached, clear above the din in cellar and mill,—nearer, nearer. The tender look faded from the officer's face. "We are surprised!" he said, and laid the baby back in its mother's arms.

"Madam, for a space you have made me happy. I thank you. What is the baby's name?"

His hand was on his sword-hilt as he waited for her reply.

"Ruth Dale," answered the dame. Then with a call he sprang in among his men.

Tramp, tramp! clank, clank! The torches flared, and the young officer helped at the lading of the horses with sacks of corn.

"Dickinson's men!" cried Alan, joyfully.

"Hi, hurrah there! Dickinson's men!"

Up they came in the falling snow, their horses steaming; and Sukey came too, brave, noble little Sukey with Nancy on her back.

In the sharp onset which followed, Alan took a part, handling a musket with the heartier will for his former helplessness. But Nancy out in the dark barn quietly blanketed Sukey, and then ran into the house to soothe the screaming children, terrified by the musket-shots.

The corn was saved. Only a few bags were gotten away with, and the flour in the well-curb lay quite undiscovered. Then back into the north rode Cornwallis's men.

But Nancy, when the confusion was over, sobbed with her head in her mother's lap, while Alan exulted. "That was a ride!" he cried. "Mother, you should ay have let me take it!"

"'T was cold," said Nancy, "and Sukey liked not the icy water at the ford,—which minds me of my wet shoon. And had I not met the men at the forks, surely we could not have ridden here in time."

"If ever there was music in nags' hoof-beats, 't was when they rode up," said Alan.

That was the last raid of Cornwallis's men in Dale-Rill-side. But when the war had been over for several years, the postman stopped at the mill one snowy Christmas eve, and out of his bag came a gift from far over the seas. It was a silver mug, and on it, beautifully graven in quaint old English lettering, were the words:

RUTH DALE. AMERICA.

FROM THE OFFICER'S BABY,

ELIZABETH EMORY. ENGLAND.

WHAT THINGS BEFELL THE SQUIRE'S HOUSE ALL ON A FRIDAY MORNING.



"THEN BUXOM BESS, THE SQUIRE'S MAID, WRUNG HER TWO HANDS, FORLORNING."

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

"Oh! Mother Meg, come out, come out,
And hearken what I say!
There are strange happenings about
The Squire's house this day!
The mare is gone from out her stall,—
Alack, unlucky fate!—
Three crows did fly around the hall
As I ran out the gate!

"A bumblebee hath stung the Squire;
His face is twice its size.
My cake hath vanished off the fire,

Bewitched from 'neath my eyes!
Old Goody Gay doth sore bemoan
Some spirit in the well,
Which makes the bucket weigh ten stone
And keeps it under spell!"

Then Buxom Bess, the Squire's maid,
Wrung her two hands, forlorn;
But simple Jake, who after sped,
Just stood and looked and wagged his head,—
All on this Friday Morning.

So Mother Meg a charm
did brew
For Bess, the Squire's
lass:
A wondrous potion to
undo
What things had come
to pass.
She drew three hairs, and
each one named,
From out her old cat's
back,
And cast them in the fire
that flamed
Beneath her caldron
black.



"HIS FACE IS TWICE ITS SIZE."

Took herbs which grew the well beside,
Each with its magic art,
A snake-tooth and a horsehair tied,
And earth a seventh part,
And these did brew and brew and brew,
Within the caldron there,
Then with her hazel rod she drew
Three circles in the air:

"Abra-cad-abra, cad-abra, ca-di!
Come, my cat with the gleaming
eye,

Abra-cad-abra, cad-abra, cad-
ay!

Banish spell in this smoke
away!"



"OLD GOODY GAY DOTHSORE BEMOANSOME SPIRIT IN THE WELL."

With this strange charm
went Bess the maid
Backward, and slow
retreating;
And three times around
the house she
strayed,
And here and there the
potion laid,
Those mystic words re-
peating.

And lo! before the morrow, Jake
 Had caught that wandering mare;
 And slyly from the well did take
 The stones he emptied there!
 Old Goody, so rejoiced was she,
 Drew water till nigh spent;
 Then straightway o'er a cup o' tea
 To tell her Gossip went.

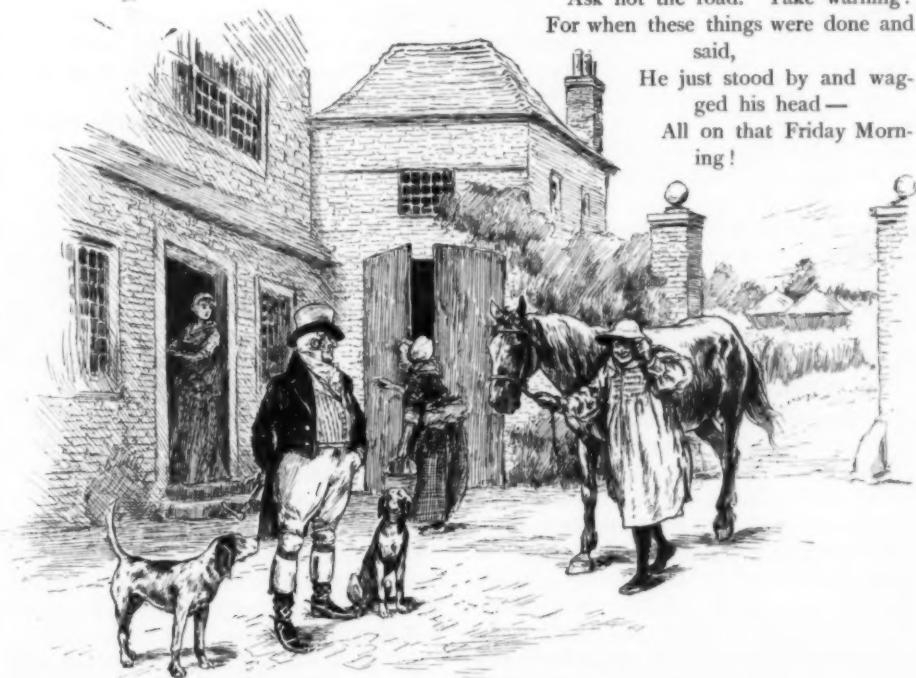
No bees did sting the Squire, because
 The bees he went not nigh.
 And Buxom Bess so busy was
 She saw no black crows fly.
 But her good cake was gone, in truth;
 Yet this thing I do say,
 She lost not one again, forsooth,
 Until next baking-day!

Now, if such signs should come to you,
 Speed straight away, I beg,
 And get a magic potion, too,
 Brewed by old Mother Meg.
 But of one Jake, with shambling
 tread,



"SO MOTHER MEG A CHARM DID BREW."

Ask not the road. Take warning!
 For when these things were done and
 said,
 He just stood by and wag-
 ged his head—
 All on that Friday Morn-
 ing!



"AND LO! BEFORE THE MORROW, JAKE HAD CAUGHT THAT WANDERING MARE."

THE RENDEZVOUS AT EAST GORGE.

By E. VINTON BLAKE.



"WHAT'S the matter with you now?" asked Will Grant.

"An ache or two, in my head," said I.

"Well, if I was goin' to have aches, I'd have them so they amounted to somethin'. That scar aches, where that cougar scratched me last fall. So I know it's goin' to storm."

"Is that scar your barometer?" asked I.

"I say nothin' about your barometers. It always aches before a storm; I know that."

"Well, if you've finished skinning that bear, we'll come along," said I. "I actually feel sort of shaky and feverish. I wish we might come upon some settler's cabin."

"I came on a felled tree jest now, over there," answered Will, pointing over his right shoulder. "There's a trail, too; but it has n't been traveled of late, an' the chips are old."

"It goes somewhere, though," said I; "and if there is a storm brewing, as you say, why, even a deserted cabin will be comfortable."

Will glanced at the sky, which was all of a dull gray, strapped the bearskin behind the saddle, and untethered his horse. I was already mounted.

"Out this way, somewhere, it was," muttered Will, leaning over his horse's neck, and scanning the ground between the tall scattered trees.

We were no longer in the semi-tropical regions of the South, but were hunting on a more northern spur of the Rockies. We expected that same week to rejoin our friends among the solemn rocks of "East Gorge."

"Here we are," said Will, at last; and he

followed the scarce discernible trail among the thickening woods. I rode after. Rangoon tossed his head now and then with a quick, suspicious motion, but I paid no attention to him.

Whether it was because I felt feverish and unwell, I know not; but I took little note of surroundings as I rode. I longed to find a shelter from the coming storm where I could take a dose of quinine and get a few hours' sleep.

"Goin' to be sick?" asked Will Grant, without looking round.

"Not if I can help it," I answered laconically; and the hunter rejoined:

"That's right; fight it off, if you can. A man's will does a power of good sometimes."

The murmur of a mountain brook that broke the stillness was drowned in a peal of thunder that died rattling among the distant crags.

"It strikes me," said Will, still "trailing" over his horse's neck, "that there's tracks of some animal. Put this an' that together, now."

"A panther," suggested I, as our horses splashed through the stony shallows and I noticed confused tracks in the soft mud of the margin. "And fresh traces, too."

"Do you feel like huntin'?" he asked.

"No; I only want a few hours' quiet."

"I never remember," observed Will Grant, turning to scrutinize me, "of your feeling sick in this fashion, except when you've been hurt or wounded some way."

"There's your cabin," I said; "and a dismal place it looks too. But I don't care."

"I hope you 're goin' to have no fever and ague. I 've seen some folks have 'em when they come West. They was mostly settlers, though," ruminated Will, persistently.

"I 'm too well seasoned and too much on the move for fever and ague," I said impatiently. "Don't chatter so much about it. I tell you I 'm not going to be sick."

Will shook all over with a suppressed laugh, and we rode near to the deserted hut. Grass grew rankly into the doorway, and the roof had partly fallen in. Moss covered the interstices between the logs. Both horses snuffed the air, and seemed restless and uneasy.

"Some wild animals have been here," said Will, flinging me the bridle as he dismounted. "My horse won't stand. Hold on a minute."

He strode boldly forward, rifle cocked and ready. He was not three feet from the dark and yawning doorway, when there was a fearful, unearthly screech, and a rush through the air. Will's rifle went off; but without effect. The next instant he and the largest panther I ever saw were rolling on the ground together!

Will's horse jerked himself free in one mad, terrified bound, nearly dragging me from the saddle, and fled. Rangoon stood straight up in the air, trembling in every limb.

In just those few seconds, and before I could quiet my brave horse with a quick, stern command, and get on my feet to go to Will's rescue, the panther had well nigh torn his hunting-shirt to rags. I dared not fire except at close quarters, for fear of hurting Will; the two were tumbling and writhing all over the ground. I got in a quick blow with my knife behind the panther's shoulder, but he turned on me like a flash. I left the knife in him and jumped back. Then I got a chance at his head and I put a bullet through it, and he loosened his claws with a gasp and dropped. Then Will Grant sat exhausted on the ground, and we stared at each other.

"You look to me as if you were going to be the sick one," said I.

"I guess I am pretty well scratched," said he.

"Well," said I, turning about, "are there any more panthers in this place? Because I should like to make them a call!"

"No, I 'll warrant you," answered Will, rising and stepping boldly within the door. "This one 's all there was, and he 's enough. Now where on earth is that horse?"

"I thought he was seasoned to 'most everything," said I.

"I 'm ashamed of him," said Will; "but I don't think he 's run far. You see it came so suddenly, and I was n't on him either."

"We 'll hunt him up," said I.

"You 'll be good enough to stay where you are, and start a fire," suggested Grant; "an'



"WILL'S RIFLE WENT OFF, BUT WITHOUT EFFECT."

I 'll find the horse and come back. He has n't gone far. We may as well stay here to-night."

"Your wounds should be bandaged," said I. "I have bandages in my case. Wait a bit."

Notwithstanding Will's assertions that the wounds were "just scratches, not worth mind-in'," I bound up his shoulder and right arm with care, and fastened together, as best I could, the strips of his leathern shirt. Then he set out after his horse, while I tethered mine and gave my whole attention to building a fire.

After it was nicely burning, and Will had returned with the runaway, and the bear-steaks were sizzling over the coals, I took a dose of quinine; for I feared I had a little touch of

malaria, caught in the swampy river lowlands whence we had just come. I got into the most sheltered corner of the cabin, rolled myself in my rubber blanket, and went to sleep. In my sleep I was dimly conscious of an awful storm. It seemed to me that Will had taken both horses inside the cabin, and was having much ado to quiet them on account of the thunder and lightning. I seemed to hear much trampling, much loud talking. Or else I dreamed it.

When I woke it was broad daylight. The sun slanted on the wet boughs before the door. The horses were inside, sure enough; and there sat Will, rifle in hand, nodding fast asleep.

"Hullo!" said I, sitting up.

"Hullo!" said Will, rising suddenly. "Well, if I was n't asleep! Seems I 've been holdin' on to these horses nearly all night! How are you? Any better?"

"I think so. Why did n't you wake me at midnight? I meant to keep my watch."

"You? I guess not!" said Will. "I 'd rather you 'd be in a condition to do a day's ridin'. You were pretty shaky yesterday, though you did n't say much. By to-night, if nothin' happens, we 'll get to East Gorge. To-day 's the first of September."

"The others are probably there waiting," said I.

"Well, breakfast, and then saddle up. Dig some dry wood out of the inside of this shanty, if you will, while I straighten things out."

In half an hour we were riding briskly along the faint trail. The trees grew thinner, and we came out on a long, sparsely wooded mountain slope that led gradually up to the higher, rocky tablelands. The trail, faint enough at the best, was here scarcely to be seen except by a practised woodsman; but Will Grant knew the country well, and we pushed on at a rapid trot. By noon the vegetation had undergone an entire change. The trees were few and stunted, the grass was sparse and short. The solemn mountain-peaks seemed to close in around us. Still we rode rapidly. Rangoon was sure-footed and agile as a cat, and Will's roan was well used to mountain travel. Neither of us thought it out of the common to ride at full speed through the mountain passes, on the brink of precipices, where a stumble would have plunged us to de-

struction. We took it quite as a matter of course that our horses would not stumble. We were in a hurry,—that was all.

"Yonder, round that spur, lies East Gorge," said Will, reining in his roan to point. "We 'll be there in about a couple of hours—and they 're there before us."

"How do you know?" said I, carelessly.

"Young man," remarked Will, with severity, "are you losing your eyesight, or what? Have I got to teach you woodcraft all over again?"

Somewhat mortified, I looked again, and this time discerned plainly the thin column of smoke that rose from beyond the spur.

"You 're right, Will. I was careless and did n't half look," said I.

"Don't let me hear you sayin' that again," said Will. "I 've known men's lives, here in the wilderness, to hang on just such a thread."

He was right, and I knew it.

The last two hours of riding were rather tedious. We could not go at any speed because of rocks and boulders.

"We 'll go down by the East Pass; that 's better travelin'," remarked the guide at the close of the afternoon. "Look yonder!"

I looked. Five horses were tethered, grazing on the short, unsatisfactory grass of a little open mountain meadow. In the shelter of a huge boulder burned a fire of stunted pine boughs. The camp-kettle was on; we saw the smile on a guide's swarthy face as he turned to wave his hat to us. Herries and Hexam, my two New York friends, started up at the shout; Miner, the rough, jovial trapper, woke the mountain echoes with his sturdy "Hurrah!" and the veteran scout, whose quick ears had long ago caught the tramp of our horses' feet, was already at our side, his gray hair wind-swept from his tanned, beardless face, his herculean frame as upright and active as any boy's.

"How are ye, Rafe, my boy?" with a vice-like grip of the hand. "I knew you 'd come—I knew the time was up. I 'm glad to see you. This time I 'm quite at your service. We 'll go down through the southern sierras if you like. Wounded, Will?" he asked, with a quizzical glance at my companion's hunting-shirt. And Will, smiling, owned to a few scratches.

So we rode into camp.

TOM PAULDING.

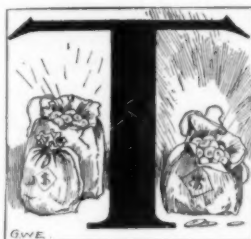
(A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

[Began in the November number.]

CHAPTER XVI.

TOM HAS PATIENCE.



TWO days after New Year's, little Jimmy Wigger was buried, and all the boys of the Black Band attended the funeral. Eight of them, including Tom Paulding, Cissy Smith, G. W. Lott, and

Harry Zachary, were asked to be pall-bearers. Tom long remembered his silent walk by the side of the coffin as one of the saddest duties he had ever performed.

The next Monday school began again, and Tom went back to work. Now that he believed he knew where the stolen guineas were, and now that he expected to recover them with his uncle's assistance, his hope of being able to go to the School of Mines increased, and he studied harder than ever before that he might fit himself as soon as possible for this new undertaking. Unless something happened to help Mrs. Paulding, Tom knew that at the end of the year he would have to give up his aspirations and take a place in a store, that his earnings might contribute to the support of the family. If he could find the buried treasure, he felt sure that the money would suffice to tide over the difficulties of the household until after he had been through the School of Mines, and was able to make his living as a man, and to support his mother and sister on his income as an engineer. During the Christmas vacation, after his uncle had gone, Tom had walked down to Columbia College and had found out the requirements for admission. He believed that he could pass the examination the next year, late in the spring, if he could keep on with his

studies until then. And whether he could do this or not depended now absolutely on the finding of the two thousand guineas stolen from his great-grandfather.

At the house, they all missed Uncle Dick. In the two months that Mr. Rapallo had spent at Mrs. Paulding's he had made himself quite at home, and they had come to look on him as a permanent member of the family. Mrs. Paulding had greatly enjoyed the long quiet talks she had had with her brother after her children were gone to bed. Pauline missed a playfellow always ready to join in her sports and always quick to devise a fresh game. Even the Brilliant Conversationalist grieved over Mr. Rapallo's departure. Certain little dishes of which he had been especially fond she ceased to serve, explaining that she would make these again "after Mr. Richard do be back."

But Tom missed him most of all. He felt lonely without Uncle Dick, who was older than he by nearly thirty years, yet who was always able to look at things from his point of view. The man and the boy had been very companionable, one to the other. Until long afterward, Tom did not know how much his character had been influenced by the example of his Uncle Dick, and how much Mr. Rapallo's shrewd and pithy talks had affected his views of life.

What Tom most needed was some one with whom he could discuss the buried treasure. He was young, and youth is sanguine; and he felt sure that the stolen guineas were really where he thought they were. But he wanted to have some one to whom he could talk about them, so as to keep up his own enthusiasm. There were days, during the absence of Uncle Dick, when it was very difficult for Tom not to tell Cissy Smith, despite Mr. Rapallo's warning. The secret burned within him and sometimes it almost burst forth of its own accord. Tom was strong enough to resist the temptation. He did not like to have to confess to his uncle

that he had disregarded the warning. Besides, he was a little in doubt how Cissy would accept the revelation; Cissy was a skeptical boy, with a superabundance of cold common sense. In imagination, when Tom told Cissy all about the buried treasure, and when he came to the long string of mere probabilities on which its discovery depended, he shivered as he fancied that he heard Cissy's frank opinion:

"Shucks! I don't take any stock in fairy-stories like that."

So Tom told no one. Yet the effort to bottle up his great secret must have been obvious at times. Corkscrew Lott became aware of it, or at least suspicious that something was on Tom's mind. Corkscrew's curiosity was greater than his pride, and he made up with Tom before they had been back at school for a week. He threw himself in Tom's way whenever Tom went out for a walk. In some strange manner he discovered that Tom was interested in the vacant lot where the stepping-stones were; and once, when Tom was drawn—as he often was—to go and look at the bank of earth beneath which he believed his treasure lay hidden, he found Corkscrew prowling around in the lot, and poking into its corners as if to spy out Tom's secret.

Corkscrew's curiosity went so far that he even stopped Pauline one day, as she was going home from school, to ask a few questions about Tom's doings, vainly endeavoring to entrap her into some admission as to the cause of her brother's change of manner.

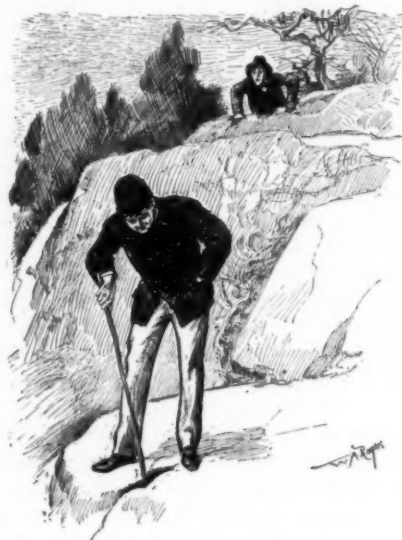
"I did n't know he had changed at all," Polly answered simply.

"Oh, I did n't know, either," explained Corkscrew. "I only thought that, maybe, you know, he might have got on the track of that buried treasure, or stolen money, or something of that sort, that used to belong to his great-great-great-grandfather, once upon a time."

When this was repeated to Tom, he regretted that he had ever mentioned the loss of the two thousand guineas to any of the Black Band, and most of all that he had said anything in Corkscrew's hearing. He resolved to keep away from the stepping-stones until Uncle Dick returned.

Then it struck him that it would be fun to

lead Corkscrew off on a false scent. So whenever he had part of an afternoon to spare, he would start off to Morningside Park, and as he took care to let Lott know where he was going, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing Corkscrew skulking along a block or so behind him. Tom would go gravely down the stone steps of Morningside Park, and he would pretend to sound rocks with a stick and to peer into all the crevices he could find. Sometimes he would push on down to Central Park when he was sure that Corkscrew was following; and then he would go all over the old fort which is still standing at the upper end of the park.



"TOM WOULD PRETEND TO SOUND ROCKS WITH A STICK."

And so the winter passed. Early in January there was a gentle thaw; and Tom hoped that the cold weather was over and that the ground would soon be soft enough for them to begin to dig. But on the day before Washington's Birthday there came a terrific snow-storm, covering the earth with a white mantle nearly a yard thick. The wind blew fiercely down the Hudson, tossing the snow-wreaths high in the air, and swirling them off down the hillside into the river. Then there followed a hard frost, and the thermometer fell day after day, and the wind blew keener and keener.

All things come to an end in time, and the

winter was over before Tom or his mother had any word from Richard Rapallo.

"Don't expect to hear from me till you see me," he had said to his sister just before he left the house. "You know I'm not 'The Complete Letter-Writer.' If I get my work done, I'll drop in again when you least expect me."

As the season advanced, and after the final thaw had come, the boys gave up coasting and skating, and began kite-flying. The river was open again, although huge fields of ice still came floating past. There were signs of spring at last. Across the river, up near the Palisades, there began to be a hint of fresh verdure. The long tows were once more to be seen moving slowly up and down the river.

The trees on the hillside below the Riverside drive and the few bushes about Mrs. Paulding's house were green again before there was any news of Uncle Dick. The hard part—or at least so Tom thought it—was that they did not know where Mr. Rapallo was. Sometimes Tom saw the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall walking slowly along the parapet of the drive before his house, as if he were inhaling the freshness of the spring; and Tom wondered if this benevolent-looking old gentleman knew where Uncle Dick was, and whether he would be greatly offended if Tom should go up and ask him.

One day when spring was well advanced,—it was then about the middle of April,—Tom determined to walk past the vacant lots where the stepping-stones were, that he might at least enjoy the sight of the outward covering of the wealth he was seeking. To his dismay he found that there was a cart standing on the tongue of land projecting out to the stepping-stones, and that this cart was but one of a dozen or more engaged in emptying builder's rubbish.

Tom did not know what to do. If these lots were to be filled up, then the difficulty of recovering the buried treasure would be doubled. Of course he saw that he could oppose no resistance to the work; he had to suffer in silence.

The next day, when he went to see how far the filling had progressed, he was delighted to find that the rubbish was now being emptied at one of the upper corners of the block, and that

the fence had been replaced across the tongue of land which led out to the stepping-stones.

About that time there came a week of warm weather, and it seemed indisputable that there would be no more frost till the fall. Still there was no word from Uncle Dick. Tom thought that the hour had come when an effort ought to be made to get at the buried treasure; but he himself did not know how to go to work. He had relied on his uncle's help.

Suddenly the fear came to him that perhaps Uncle Dick would not return to them until too late. What would Tom do then?

As the days drew on, Tom became more and more doubtful about his uncle's coming. At last he determined to wait no longer, but to see what he could do by himself.

He recalled what Mr. Rapallo had said about hydraulic mining on the night of the fire, when little Jimmy was run over. Uncle Dick had declared that the stolen guineas could best be got at by hydraulic mining. What that was Tom did not know. He resolved to find out.

One Saturday afternoon he went down to the Apprentices' Library, and took out a book which the kindly librarian indicated as likely to give him the best account of the process. The next Saturday he got another volume; and a third Saturday he spent in looking up articles in the cyclopedias and in the bound magazines where the librarian had told him to search. From these, some of which were fully illustrated, Tom managed to get an understanding of the principles of hydraulic mining; and he thought he saw how his uncle meant to apply them to the getting out of the two thousand guineas buried near the stepping-stones.

Hydraulic mining is the name given in the West to the method of washing out a hillside containing auriferous sands by the impact of a stream of water, which carries down, into a prepared channel in the valley below, the "pay gravel" in the hill on both sides. After Tom had mastered the suggestion, he saw that his uncle meant in like manner to wash away the dirt and sand which hid the remains of Jeffrey Kerr.

The stepping-stones were near the upper end of the vacant block, and the ground sloped sharply away below, where the brook had run formerly. Tom saw that if a little channel

were dug around two projecting rocks, it would then be easy to wash out the loose earth, partly rubbish and partly sand, which formed the projecting point over the stepping-stones. If his guess as to the present position of the stolen money were right, then he would have to wear into the bank a hole fully twenty feet deep. With the aid of the small canal Tom had planned, he thought he saw his way clear to a most successful operation in hydraulic mining—if he could only get plenty of water.

Where the water was to come from, was a question for which he had no answer. Uncle Dick had suggested that the buried treasure could be got out by hydraulic mining, but he had not hinted how he was to get the water.

While Tom was puzzling over this to no purpose, one warm sunny day in May, when the leaves were opening on the trees and the bushes, Uncle Dick came back most unexpectedly.

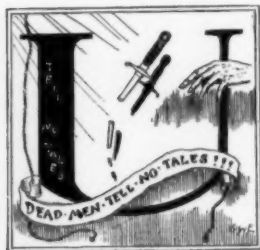
He gave no account of his wanderings; he offered no explanation of his long absence; but from chance allusions in his conversation Tom and Polly made out that he had been traveling part of the time he had been away, and that he had been to Boston, and to Chicago, and possibly even as far as San Francisco.

After supper he asked Tom to come up to his room.

When Tom had followed his uncle out of the dining-room, Polly asked her mother anxiously, "Did Uncle Dick bring you that Christmas present he owes you?"

"He has not given it to me yet," Mrs. Paulding answered; "but he will some day."

"I wish he would," said Pauline. "I do so want to know what it is."



CHAPTER XVII.

ENLISTING ALLIES.

UNCLE DICK and Tom had a long conference that evening in the former's room. Tom told his uncle the exact state of

stones, and how it had ceased the next day. He set forth Lott's attempts to spy on him, and his own success in throwing Corkscrew's curiosity off the scent. He gave a full account of his own endeavors to discover the methods of hydraulic mining.

"I think I have found out how you mean to go to work, Uncle Dick," he said; "but I confess that I don't see where we are to get the water to wash out all that dirt."

"That will be easy enough," replied his uncle. "We can have all the water we need—when we need it. That will not be for some time yet."

Tom went on to tell Mr. Rapallo how very difficult it had been for him to keep his secret to himself.

"But I have done it!" he concluded. "I have n't said a single, solitary word to anybody."

"I'm not sure that the time has n't come to take one or two of your friends into your confidence," Uncle Dick responded.

"Can I tell Cissy Smith?" cried Tom; "and Harry Zachary, too?"

"From what you have said to me about your friends," his uncle answered, "I should judge that Cissy and Harry will be your safest allies in this affair."

"Cissy is my best friend," explained the boy, "and Harry is my next-best."

"Do you think they would be willing to help you?" asked Mr. Rapallo.

"Willing?" echoed Tom. "They'd just be delighted, both of them, to be let into a scheme like this. What do you want them to do?"

"I don't know yet, exactly," his uncle responded; "but there will be work enough of one kind or another. We shall have to dig a trench to carry off the water, for instance."

"They go to school with me, you know, Uncle Dick," said Tom; "and they are free only at the same time that I am,—Saturday afternoons, mostly."

"I think it will be better for you to have a whole day before you—" began Mr. Rapallo.

"Then I don't see how we can come," Tom interrupted, "unless we play hooky."

"Don't you have Decoration Day as a holiday?" asked his uncle.

"Decoration Day?" Tom repeated, with a

affairs. He described how the dumping of rubbish had begun again just over the stepping-

little disappointment in his voice. "Oh, yes, —but that 's more than a fortnight off!"

"I doubt if we 'll be ready for a fortnight yet," Mr. Rapallo returned. "There are various things to do before we can turn on the water and wash out the gold—if there 's any there to wash out."

"Uncle Dick," cried Tom, piteously, "don't say now that you don't think the gold is there!"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Rapallo answered; "I *think* it is there—but I don't *know*. We have only a 'working hypothesis,' you remember."

"I remember," Tom repeated, dolefully; "but I've been so long thinking about those two thousand guineas lying in the ground there by the stepping-stones that it seems as if I could see them, almost. I feel certain sure they are there!"

"Let us hope so," his uncle responded. "And don't be down-hearted about it. If we are to get that gold, we must all believe that it is there until we know that it is n't."

"I know it *is*," asseverated Tom.

"To-morrow," Mr. Rapallo continued, "you must take your friends into your confidence. I have business down-town and I 'll inquire whether the lawyers have found out yet to whom that vacant block belongs. If they have, I 'll try to get permission for us to dig out your two thousand guineas."

So the next afternoon, when school was out, Tom Paulding took Cissy Smith and Harry Zachary off with him.

Corkscrew Lott was going to join them, but Tom said to him frankly:

"I've got something particular to say to Cissy and Harry, and so I don't want anybody else to come with us, Lott."

"Can't you tell me, too?" Lott pleaded.

"I can, of course," Tom answered, "if I want to. But I don't."

VOL. XIX.—44.

"Oh, very well!" said Corkscrew, gruffly; "I don't want to know any of your old secrets."

Notwithstanding this disclaimer of all interest in their affairs, Corkscrew lingered at school until after the three other boys had gone on ahead, and then he followed them from afar, in the hope that something unforeseen might reveal the matter of their discourse.

Harry Zachary gave a swift glance back when they came to their first turning. He caught sight of Lott, who stopped short when he saw that he was detected.

"There 's Corkscrew on our trail," said Harry. "Let 's throw him off the track."

"How are you going to do it?" said Cissy.



"TOM SAID SOLEMNLY, 'FELLOWS, CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"I've got a way," Harry explained. "Follow me."

And with that he turned into the side street, and walked rapidly toward the elevated railroad station.

"Corkscrew will be sure to follow us now," Harry declared; "and when we come to the station, we 'll go up-stairs. He can't come up after us because he knows we should see him then."

"But we don't want to pay car-fare to nowhere just to get rid of Corkscrew Lott," remarked Cissy Smith, rolling along a little ahead of the others.

"We need n't pay a cent," Harry Zachary responded. "We can just wait on the outside

platform, out of sight from where he is, while we can see him through the window. Then when he goes, we'll slip down again and run to the Three Trees."

"All right," said Cissy; and Tom also agreed to the plan.

The boys went up the steps of the elevated railroad station; and through the window of the covered platform they saw Corkscrew come up and stare hard at the station and hesitate a little, twisting about as usual. Then he set out to cross the avenue to look at the inner platforms; but, before he could do that, a train from up-town and another from down-town arrived and departed with much puffing and hissing, and shrill squeaking of the brakes. So Corkscrew gave up his effort to "shadow" the three friends, and went on his way home.

As soon as he was gone, Tom, Cissy, and Harry came out of hiding and started off for the Riverside Park, where there was a favorite spot of theirs, down by the railroad and the river. Here three trees grew in a group, with knotted and distorted branches, so that half a dozen boys could find seats amid their limbs.

When the three friends had arrived at this pleasant place, doubly delightful in the fresh fairness of spring, Tom, who had refused to open the subject before, said solemnly, "Fellows, can you keep a secret?"

"Shucks!" cried Cissy Smith, forcibly. "Did you bring us all the way down here just to tell us a secret? I thought you said you wanted us to help you do something."

"Is it about your lost treasure?" asked Harry Zachary, sympathetically.

"How did you know?" Tom inquired, in surprise.

"I don't know; I guessed," Harry explained. "You told us once that you were going to hunt for it, and you've been so different since then that I thought perhaps you had got a notion where it was."

"I have found it!" said Tom, with intense enjoyment of the surprise.

"How much is it?" asked the practical Cissy.

"Where is it?" Harry cried.

"It's two thousand guineas," Tom replied; "and it is now buried far from here. And I want you two to help me get at it."

"Buried?" Cissy repeated. "Then you have not seen it?"

"No," Tom replied, "but I know it's there. It must be there!"

"We'll help you, of course," said Harry Zachary, with a return of his shy and gentle manner. "But we shall have to kill the guards, sha'n't we?"

"What do you mean?" Tom asked in amazement.

"I suppose there must be somebody guarding this buried treasure, and they must be removed, of course. 'Dead men tell no tales,' you know," Harry explained. "And I have been reading about a new way of getting rid of an enemy; the Italians used to do it in the Middle Ages. You have a glass stiletto,—that's a sort of dagger made of glass,—and you stab the man in the back, and break off the blade, and throw the handle into the Grand Canal; then the man's dead and nobody knows you had anything to do with it."

"I'm glad of that," said Cissy, dryly.

"But is it necessary to kill the guards?" Harry went on. "Would n't it do to give them something to put them to sleep while we get at the treasure? I reckon Cissy could coax his father to give us a prescription for something that would put a whole platoon of police to sleep for the day."

"Shucks!" said Cissy vigorously. "I'm not going to stab anybody in the back with a glass dagger, nor are you either, Harry Zachary. And I'm not going to try to put a platoon of police to sleep. It would be what my father calls a 'dangerous experiment.' Suppose some of them did n't wake up, and the rest of them did, and they clubbed the life out of us, where would the fun be then?"

"You need n't quarrel over the glass dagger and the policemen," Tom declared, "because there is n't any guard to kill, this time."

"A buried treasure without any guard?" Harry repeated. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Well," said Tom, "you can hear of it now if you want to listen. But first you have both got to promise that never by thought, word, or deed will you ever reveal any of the secret I am now about to confide in you."

"That 's all right," Cissy responded, "I won't say a word,— never." Perhaps this delayed double negative served to make the declaration doubly binding.

"I solemnly vow that I will never reveal the secret Thomas Paulding is now about to confide to me," said Harry Zachary, stiffening his usual timid voice. "In China they cut off a chicken's head whenever a man takes an oath before a priest, and that makes it binding, I reckon. I wish we had a chicken here."

"I guess the priests in China are as fond of chicken as anybody else," Cissy commented. "Now, Tom, tell us the whole story."

So Tom began at the beginning, and gave them all the particulars of his search for the stolen guineas, of the suggestion Santa Claus brought, of the stepping-stones, and of the present situation of the buried treasure.

"That 's all very well," said Cissy. "Perhaps the money is there, and perhaps it is n't. How are you to get at it? That 's the question."

Then Tom told them about hydraulic mining, explaining briefly to them what he himself had extracted laboriously from many books. He informed them that his uncle was going to arrange for a supply of water, and that Decoration Day had been chosen as the date when the final attack was to be made.

When Tom had finished, Cissy said, "Well, that 's a very interesting story, and, as I told you before, maybe the money is there. Leastways, it 's worth trying for. I don't see where your uncle is going to get the stream of water—but your uncle is n't any fool, so I guess he knows. And I don't see either where we come in—Harry and I. What are we to do?"

"I don't know just what you will have to do," Tom replied. "But Uncle Dick said to ask you and Harry if you would help us."

"Oh, yes," Cissy responded heartily. "I 'll help all I know how."

After a little further talk the boys started homeward, Cissy lurching along with his usual rolling gait.

"There 's the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall," said Tom, as they saw a tall, white-haired man get out of a carriage before a handsome house.

"That 's Mr. Joshua Hoffmann," explained Harry Zachary. "He 's so rich he has more money than he knows what to do with."

"And my father says there is n't a better man in the United States, in spite of all his money," said Cissy.

"My uncle knows him, too," Tom remarked, unwilling to be left out of the conversation.

"Is n't that your uncle now?" asked Harry.

Tom looked across the roadway and saw his uncle stop before the house; and again the old gentleman leaned over the wall to talk to him.

"Yes," said Tom, "that 's Uncle Dick."

As the boys went by Mr. Rapallo waved his hand to them; and when Tom glanced back a minute later it seemed as if his uncle were talking about him to the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall, for the two men were both looking after the three boys.

The next day, at school, Corkscrew came up to Tom as Cissy and Harry had just joined him.

"Did you three have a nice ride on the railroad, yesterday afternoon?" asked Lott, insidiously.

"I was n't on the cars at all yesterday," said Harry Zachary promptly, with a grave face.

"Neither was I," continued Tom Paulding.

"Nor I," added Cissy Smith.

"I mean the elevated railroad," Corkscrew explained.

"I did n't ride on the elevated railroad yesterday," Harry declared.

"I did n't, either," repeated both Tom and Cissy.

"Why, I saw you—" began Lott.

"Oh," said Tom Paulding, "if you know what we 've been doing better than we do ourselves, why do you ask questions?"

Corkscrew was a little confused at this. "I happened to be passing the station yesterday," he said, pulling up the tops of his high boots, "and I saw you three go up—"

"If you saw us, then we 've nothing to say," Tom interrupted. "But I can tell you that we were none of us in an elevated train yesterday."

"Then why on earth did you—"

But what Corkscrew was going to ask they never knew, as just then the bell rang for school.

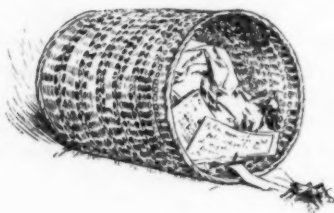
(To be continued.)



My Merry Maker.

BY KATE ROHRER CAIN.

I 'VE a little brown cricket. And oh! how he sings,
You 'd hardly believe it—he sings with his wings.
My waste-paper basket he seems to have found
As much to his taste as a hole in the ground.



Kings had their court jesters
To fill them with glee—
My little brown cricket 's
The jester for me!

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

[Begun in the January number.]

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR TEACHERS.

I DO not know why we had so many teachers. No doubt it was partly because we were very troublesome children. But I think it was also partly owing to the fact that our father was constantly overrun by needy foreigners seeking employment. He was a philanthropist; he had been abroad, and spoke foreign languages. That was enough! His office was besieged by "all peoples, nations, and languages,"—all, as a rule, hungry. Greeks, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, occasionally a Frenchman or an Englishman, though these last were rare. Many of them were political exiles. Sometimes they brought letters from friends in Europe, sometimes not.

Our father's heart never failed to respond to any appeal of this kind, when the applicant really wanted work; for sturdy beggars he had no mercy. So it sometimes happened that, while waiting for something else to turn up, the exile of the day would be set to teaching us, partly to give him employment, partly also by way of finding out what he knew and was fit for. In this way did Professor Feaster (this may not be the correct spelling, but it was our way, and suited him well) come to be our tutor for a time. He was a very stout man, so stout that we considered him a second Daniel Lambert. He may have been an excellent teacher, but almost my only recollection of him is that he made the most enchanting little paper houses, with green doors and blinds that opened and shut. He painted the inside of the houses in some myste-

rious way,—at least there were patterns on the floor, like mosaic-work,—and the only drawback to our perfect happiness on receiving one of them was that we were too big to get inside.

I say this is almost my only recollection of this worthy man; but candor compels me to add that the other picture which his name conjures up is of Harry and Laura marching round the dining-room table, each shouldering a log of wood, and shouting,

"We 'll kill old Feaster!
We 'll kill old Feaster!"

This was very naughty indeed, but, as I have said before, we were often naughty. One thing more I do recollect about poor Professor Feaster. Flossy was at once his delight and his terror. She was so bright, so original, so — alas! so impish. She used to climb up on his back, lean over his shoulder, and pull out his watch to see if the lesson hour were over. To be sure, she was only eight at this time, and possibly the scenes from "Wilhelm Tell" which he loved to declaim with republican fervor may have been rather beyond her infant comprehension.

One day Flossy made up her mind that the Professor should take her way about something — I quite forget what — rather than his own. She set herself deliberately against him,—three feet to six!—and declared that he should do as she said. The poor Professor looked down on this fiery pygmy with eyes that sparkled through his gold-bowed spectacles. "I haf refused," he cried in desperation, "to opey ze Emperor of Austria, meess! Do you sink I will opey *you*?"

Then there was Madame M——, a Danish lady, very worthy, very accomplished, and — ugly enough to frighten all knowledge out of a child's head. She was my childish ideal of personal uncomeliness, yet she was most good and kind.

I must not forget to say that before she began to teach she had wished to become a lecturer. She had a lecture all ready; it began with a poetical outburst, as follows:

I am a Dane! I am a Dane!
I am not ashamed of the royal name!

But we never heard of its being delivered. I find this mention of Madame M—— in a letter from our mother to her sister:

Danish woman very ugly,
But remarkably instructive.
Drawing, painting, French and German,
Fancy work of all descriptions,
With geography and grammar.
She will teach for very little,
And is a superior person.

I remember some of the fancy work. There were pink-worsted roses, very wonderful, really not at all like the common roses one sees in gardens. You wound the worsted round and round, spirally, and then you ran your needle down through the petal and pulled it a little; this, as any person of intelligence will readily perceive, made a rose-petal with a dent of the proper shape in it. These petals had to be pressed in a book to keep them flat while others were making. Sometimes, years and years after, one would find two or three of them between the leaves of an old volume of *Punch*, or some other book; and instantly would rise up before the mind's eye the figure of Madame M——, with scarlet face and dark-green dress, and a very remarkable nose.

Flossy reminds me that she always smelt of peppermint. So she did, poor lady! and probably took it for its medicinal properties.

Then there was the wax fruit! You young people of sophisticated To-day, who make such things of real beauty with your skilful, kindergarten-trained fingers, what would you say to the wax fruit and flowers of our childhood? Perhaps you would like to know how to make them. We bought wax at the apothecary's, white wax, in round flat cakes, pleasant to nibble, and altogether gratifying. Wax, and chrome-yellow and carmine, the colors in powder. We put the wax in a pipkin (I always say pipkin when I have a chance, because it is such a charming word, but if my readers prefer saucepan, let them have it, by all means!)—we put it, I say, in a pipkin, and melted it. For a pleasure wholly without alloy, I can recommend the poking and punching of half-melted wax. Then, when it was ready, we stirred in the yellow powder, which produced a fine Bartlett color. Then we poured the mixture — oh, joy! — into the two pear- or peach-shaped halves of the plaster mold, and clapped them together; and when the pear or peach was cool

and dry, we took a camel's-hair brush and painted a carmine cheek on one side. I do not say that this was art, or advancement of culture; I do not say that its results were anything but hideous and abnormal; but I do maintain that it was a delightful and enchanting amusement. And if there were a point of rapture beyond this, it was the coloring of melted wax to a delicate rose-hue, and dipping into it a dear little spaddle (which, be it explained to the ignorant, is a flat disk with a handle to it), and taking out liquid rose-petals, which hardened in a few minutes and were rolled delicately off with the finger. When one had enough (say, rather, when one could tear oneself away from the magic pipkin), one put the petals together, and there you had a rose that was like nothing upon earth.

After all, were wax flowers so much more hideous, I wonder, than some things one sees to-day? Why is it that such a stigma attaches to the very name of them? Why do not people go any longer to see the wax figures in the Boston Museum? Perhaps they are not there now; perhaps they are grown forlorn and dilapidated—indeed, they never were very splendid!—and have been hustled away into some dim lumber-room, from whose corners they glare out at some errant call-boy of the theater, and frighten him into fits. Daniel Lambert, in scarlet waistcoat and knee-breeches! the "Drunkard's Career," the bare recollection of which brings a thrill of horror!—there was one child at least who regarded you as miracles of art.

Speaking of wax reminds me of Monsieur N——, who gave us, I am inclined to think, our first French lessons, besides those we received from our mother. He was a very French Frenchman, with blond mustache and imperial waxed à la Louis Napoleon, and a military carriage. He had been a soldier, and taught fencing as well as French, though not to us. This unhappy gentleman had married a Smyrniot woman, out of gratitude to her family, who had rescued him from some pressing danger. Apparently he did them a great service by marrying the young woman and taking her away, for she had a violent temper—was, in short, a perfect vixen. The evils of this were perhaps lessened

by the fact that she could not speak French, while her husband had no knowledge of her native Greek. It is the simple truth that this singular couple, in their disputes, which unfortunately were many, used often to come and ask our father to act as interpreter between them. Monsieur N—— himself was a kind man, and a very good teacher.

There is a tale told of a christening feast which he gave in honor of Candide, his eldest child. Julia and Flossy were invited, and the governess of the time, whoever she was. The company went in two hacks to the priest's house, where the ceremony was to be performed; on the way the rival hackmen fell out, and jeered at each other, and, whipping up their lean horses, made frantic efforts each to obtain the front rank in the small cortège. Whereupon Monsieur N——, very angry at this infringement of the dignity of the occasion, thrust his head out of the window and shrieked to his hackmen:

"Firts or sekind, vich you bleec!" which delighted the children more than any other part of the entertainment.

There was poor Miss R——, whom I recall with mingled dislike and compassion. She must have been very young, and she had about as much idea of managing children (we required a great deal of managing) as a tree might have. Her own idea of discipline was to give us "misdemeanors," which in ordinary speech were "black marks." What is it I hear her say in the monotonous singsong voice which always exasperated us?—"Doctor, Laura has had fourteen misdemeanors!" Then Laura was put to bed, no doubt very properly; but she has always felt that she need not have had the "misdemeanors," if the teaching had been a little different. Miss R—— it was who took away the glass eye-cup; therefore I am aware that I cannot think of her with clear and unprejudiced mind. But she must have had sair times with us, poor thing! I can distinctly remember Flossy urging Harry, with fiery zeal, not to recite his geography lesson,—I cannot imagine why. Miss R—— often rocked in the junk with us. That reminds me that I promised to describe the junk. But how shall I picture that perennial fount of

joy? It was crescent-shaped, or rather it was like a longitudinal slice cut out of a water-melon. Magnify the slice a hundred-fold; put seats up and down the sides, with iron bars in front to hold on by; set it on two grooved rails and paint it red—there you have the junk! Nay! you have it not entire, for it should be filled with rosy, shouting children, standing or sitting, holding on by the bars and rocking with might and main.

Yo-ho! Here we go!
Up and down! Heigh-ho!

Why are there no junks nowadays? Surely it would be better for us, body and mind, if there were; for, as for the one, the rocking exercised every muscle in the whole bodily frame, and as for the other, black Care could not enter the junk,—at least he did not,—nor weariness, nor “shadow of annoyance.” There ought to be a junk on Boston Common, free to all, and half a dozen in Central Park; and I hope every young person who reads these words will suggest this device to his parents or guardians.

But teaching is not entirely confined to the archery practice of the young idea; and any account of our teachers would be incomplete without mention of our dancing-master—of the dancing-master, for there was but one. You remember that the dandy in *Punch*, being asked of whom he buys his hats, replies, “Scott. Is there another fellah?” Even so it would be difficult for the Boston generation of middle or elder life to acknowledge that there could have been “another fellah” to teach dancing besides Lorenzo Papanti. Who does not remember—nay! who could ever forget—that tall, graceful figure, that marvelous elastic glide, like a wave flowing over glass? Who could ever forget the shrewd, kindly smile when he was pleased, the keen lightning of his glance when angered? What if he did rap our toes sometimes, till the timorous wept, and those of stouter heart flushed scarlet, and clenched their small hands, and only vowed revenge?

No doubt we richly deserved it, and it did us good.

If I were to hear a certain strain played in the

Desert of Sahara, or on the plains of Idaho, I should instantly “forward and back and cross over”; and so, I warrant, would most of my generation of Boston people. There is one grave and courteous gentleman of my acquaintance, whom to see dance the shawl-dance with his fairy sister was a dream of poetry. As for the gavotte—O beautiful Amy! O lovely Alice! I see you now, with your short silken skirts floating out to extreme limit of crinoline; with your fair locks confined by the discreet net, sometimes of brown or scarlet chenille, sometimes of finest silk; with snowy stockings, and slippers fastened by elastic bands crossed over the foot and behind the ankle; with arms and neck bare. If your daughters, to-day, chance upon a photograph of you taken in those days, they laugh, and ask mama how she could wear such queer things, and make such a fright of herself; but I remember how lovely you were, and how perfectly you always dressed, and with what exquisite grace you danced the gavotte.

So, I think, we all who jumped and changed our feet, who pirouetted and chasséd under Mr. Papanti, owe him a debt of gratitude; his hall was a paradise, the stiff little dressing-room, with its rows of shoe-boxes, the antechamber of delight. And thereby hangs a tale. The child Laura grew up, and married one who had jumped and changed his feet beside her at Papanti's, and they two went to Europe and saw many strange lands and things. And it fell upon a time that they were storm-bound, in a little wretch of a grimy steamer, in the Gulf of Corinth. With them was a traveling companion, who also had had the luck to be born in Boston, and to go to dancing-school; the other passengers were a Greek, an Italian, and—I think the third was a German, but, as he was seasick, it made no difference. Three days were we shut up there while the storm raged and bellowed, and right thankful we were for the snug little harbor which stretched its protecting arms between us and the white churning waste of billows outside the bar.

We played games to make the time pass; we talked endlessly, and in the course of talk it naturally came to pass that we told of our adventures, and where we came from, and, in

short, who we were. The Greek gentleman turned out to be an old acquaintance of my father's, and was greatly overjoyed to see me, and told me many interesting things about the old fighting-days of the Revolution. The Italian spoke little during this conversation, but when he heard the word "Boston" he pricked up his ears; and when a pause came he asked if we came from Boston. "Yes," we all answered, with the inward satisfaction which every Bostonian feels at being able to make the reply. And had we ever heard, in Boston, he went on to inquire, of "un certo Papanti, maestro di ballo"? "Heard of him?" cried the three dancing-school children. "We never heard of any one else!" Thereupon ensued much delighted questioning and counter-questioning.

This gentleman came from Leghorn, Mr. Papanti's native city. He knew his family; they were excellent people. Lorenzo himself he had never seen, as he left Italy so many years ago. But reports had reached Leghorn that he was very successful; that he taught the best people (O Beacon street! O purple windows and brown-stone fronts, I should think so!); that he had invented "un piano sopra molle," a floor on springs. Was this true? Whereupon we took up our parable, and unfolded to the Livornese mind the glory of Papanti, till he fairly glowed with pride in his famous fellow-townsmen.

And, finally, was not that a pleasant little episode, in a storm-bound steamer in the Gulf of Corinth?

(To be continued.)



BY JACK BENNETT.

IN a hall of strange description, antiquarian Egyptian,
Working on his monthly balance-sheet, the troubled monarch sat,
With a frown upon his forehead, hurling interjections horrid
At the state of his finances, for his pocket-book was flat.
Not a solitary, single copper cent had he to jingle
In his pocket; while his architects had gone off on a strike,
Leaving pyramids unfinished, as their salaries diminished,
And their credit vanished likewise in a way they did not like.

It was harder for His Royal Highness than for sons of toil,
 For the horny-handed workmen only ate two figs per day;
 While the king liked sweet potatoes, puddings, pies, and canned tomatoes,
 Boneless ham and Blue Point oysters, cooked some prehistoric way.
 Men sing small on economics when it comes to empty stomachs,
 And Egyptian kings are molded just the ordinary size;

So with appetite unwonted old Rameses groaned and grunted,
 As he longed for twisted doughnuts, ginger-cakes, and apple-pies.



While he growled, the royal grumbler spied a bit of broken tumbler

In a long undusted corner, just behind the palace door.
 When his hungry optics spied it he stood silently and eyed it;
 Then he smote his thigh in ecstasy and danced about the floor.

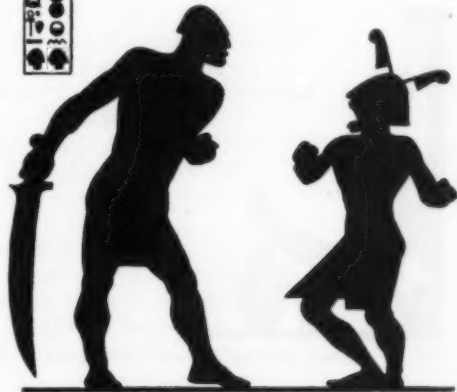
"By the wit Osiris gave me, this same bit of glass shall save me!

I will sell it for a diamond at some stupendous price.
 And whoe'er I ask to take it will find, for his own sweet sake, it

Will be better not to wait until I have to ask him twice!"

Then a royal proclamation was despatched throughout the nation,
 Most imperatively calling to appear before the king,
 Under penalties most cruel, every man who bought a jewel,
 Or who sold or bartered precious stones, and all that sort of thing.
 Thereupon the traders' nether joints quaked and knocked together;
 For they thought they smelled a rodent on the sultry desert air.
 It was ever their misfortune to be pillaged by extortion;
 So they packed their Saratogas in lugubrious despair.

When they faced the great propylon, with an apprehensive smile on,
 Sculptured there, in hieroglyphics two feet wide and three feet high,
 Was the threat of King Rameses to chop every man to pieces
 If, when shown the royal diamond, they dared refuse to buy.
 Pale but calm, the dealer, Muley Hassan, eyed the gem and coolly
 Cried, "The thing is but a common tumbler-bottom; nothing more!"
 Whereupon the king's assassin drew his sword, and Muley Hassan
 Never peddled rings again along the Nile's primeval shore.

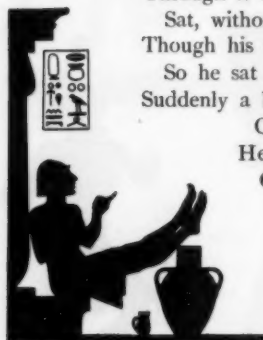


Then Abd-Allah Abd-El-Mahdi faintly said the stone was shoddy,
 But he thought upon a pinch he might bid fifty cents himself.
 There ensued a slight commotion ere he could repent the notion;
 And Abd-Allah was promoted to the Oriental shelf.
 Every heart was wildly quaking; every knee was feebly shaking;
 It was poverty or death before them all they plainly saw.
 When the king played judge and jury, never man escaped his fury,
 For his rulings were despotic and his lightest word was law.



When they saw how things resulted, all the jewelers consulted
 On some plan to save their lives, before they dared to dine or sup,—
 Dashing off on flying journeys to consult the best attorneys
 Who referred to their authorities, and had to give it up!
 Quite exciting was the writing, the inditing, and the skiting
 Through the valleys of the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Nile;
 But, in spite of all their seeking, not a hole appeared for sneaking
 Safely out of the predicament which deepened all the while.

Through it all with visage jolly, by the palace gate Ben Ali
 Sat, without a dollar to his name, and nothing else to do.
 Though his clothes were old and holey, he was sleek and roly-poly;
 So he sat and smiled in silence at the many things he knew.
 Suddenly a bright idea struck him: Why could he not be a
 Champion of all these jewelers and save them from their fate?
 He had not spent days compiling abstruse problems on the tiling
 Of the vestibule for nothing, so he did not hesitate,



But with confidence suggested if their cause in him were
 vested
 He could extricate them safely ere a dog could wag its
 tail;

And, although he seemed quite youthful, they would find his statement truthful,
 For within his little lexicon was no such word as "fail."

How they crowded on the balustrade that ran
around the palace,

When Ben Ali was before His Royal Majesty
the King!

And when Ali rose to meet him, how the cheers
burst forth to greet him—

"Sail in, Benny!" "You 're the
boy!"—until they made the
welkin ring!



"It would be the sheerest folly, great Rameses," said Ben Ali,
"To pretend to buy the finest precious stone upon the earth
Without going at it coolly, and approximating duly,
Without fear and without favor, its indubitable worth.
I confess, and likewise shall you, that this stone's intrinsic value
Is but nothing—while the estimate that Muley Hassan gave
Adds another nothing to it—for it's glass, and Muley knew it!"
So he chalked another cipher with a graceful Delsarte wave.

"If I understand your theses, most adorable Rameses,
You must part with this great diamond to raise a little gold;
Yet, although you wish to sell it,—you 'll forgive me if I tell it,—
Its true worth increases naught on that account, when all is told."
So he pointed to his writing and went calmly on reciting,
"Nothing added to a nothing surely makes it nothing more;
And the value I have thought on simply puts another naught on
To the aggregated estimate, increasing it to four:



Now it seems to me to follow that the sum bid by Abd-Allah—

Which was fifty, if I recollect the circum-
stance aright—

Should be likewise added to it; so, just by
your leave, I 'll do it,

Making full five hundred thousand in a
fair, unbiased light.

"Sire, I trust my computation suits your royal
estimation,

As I wish to buy the gem that you are
offering for sale.

I am sent with that intention by the Jewelers'
Convention,

And I lose my whole commission if my
proposition fail."



Gloating on the promised treasure, King Rameses beamed with pleasure,
 And, arising, said he thought five hundred thousand just the dot;
 Yet, although he quite believed him, still men had before deceived him,
 So he felt constrained to ask entire payment on the spot.
 "Very well," said Ben; "but scholars would allow at least five dollars
 As a discount from the whole amount that I have been assessed."
 "I agree," the king said, smiling in a manner quite beguiling,
 "You may discount five for cash in hand, and then produce the rest."

In a hurry King Rameses signed them all complete releases
 And receipts in full for every responsibility;



000000

And, as soon as that was
 Done, he asked Ben
 Ali for the money;
 Whereupon Ben Ali rose

and said with great civility,
 "That we may not make a miscount, I will first subtract my
 discount."

Then he took his hemstitched handkerchief and rubbed the
 five away.

"Now I'm ready to obey you, and am quite
 prepared to pay you
 The remainder as it stands—for there is
 nothing left to pay!"

King Rameses tore his raiment at such visionary payment,
 Seeing how the wool was pulled across his mercenary eyes;
 But his claims were all receipted, and his wicked aims defeated;
 So he'd have to whet his appetite on atmospheric pies.
 Then like some volcanic spasm burst the crowd's enthusiasm,
 Making Ali rich with presents in the rapture that ensued:
 While a very ancient carving represents the king as starving—
 But it's likely that the neighbors sent him in some sort of food.



STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

[Began in the December number.]

IV.

FAR southwest of Moqui, and still in the edge of the great Dry Land, is what I am inclined to rank as the most remarkable area of its kind in the Southwest—though in this wonderland it is difficult enough to award that pre-eminence to any one locality. At least in its combination of archæologic interest with scenic beauty and with some peerless natural curiosities, what may be called the Mogollon watershed is the one of most startling regions in America or in the world.

The Mogollones* are not a mountain system as Eastern people understand the phrase. There is no great range, as among the Appalachians and the Rockies. The "system" is merely an enormous plateau, full three hundred miles across, and of an average height above the sea greater than that of any peak in the East: an apparently boundless plain, dotted only here and there with its few lonely "hangers-on" or "parasites" of peaks,—like the noble San Francisco triad near Flagstaff,—which in that vast expanse seem scarce to attain to the dignity of mounds. On the north this huge table-land melts into hazy slopes; but all along its southern edge it breaks off by sudden and fearful cliffs into a country of indescribable wildness. This great territory to the south, an empire in size, but largely desert and almost entirely wilderness, has nevertheless the largest number of considerable streams of any equal area in the thirsty Southwest. The Gila, the Rio Salado,† the Rio Verde, and others—though they would be petty in the East, and though they are small beside the Rio Grande and the Colorado—form, with their tributaries, a more extensive water-system than is to be found elsewhere in our arid lands. The Tonto‡ Basin—scene of one of the brave Crook's most brilliant campaigns against the Apaches—is part of this wilderness. Though called a "basin," there is

nothing bowl-like in its appearance, even as one sees down thousands of feet into it from the commanding "Rim" of the Mogollones. It is rather a vast chaos of crags and peaks apparently rolled into it from the great breaking-off place—the wreck left by forgotten waters of what was once part of the Mogollon plateau.

About this Tonto Basin, which is some fifty miles across, cluster many of the least-known yet greatest wonders of our country. South are the noble ruins of Casa Grande, and all the Gila Valley's precious relics of the prehistoric. The Salt River Valley is one of the richest of fields for archæologic research; and the country of the Verde is nowise behind it. All across that strange area of forbidding wildernesses, threaded with small valleys that are green with the outposts of civilization, are strewn the gray monuments of a civilization that had worn out antiquity, and had perished and been forgotten, before ever a Caucasian foot had touched the New World. The heirlooms of an unknown past are everywhere. No man has ever counted the crumbling ruins of all those strange little stone cities whose history and whose very names have gone from off the face of the earth as if they had never been. Along every stream, near every spring, on lofty lookout-crags, and in the faces of savage cliffs, are the long-deserted homes of that mysterious race—mysterious even now that we know their descendants. Thousands of these homes are perfect yet, thousands no more changed from the far, dim days when their swart dwellers lived and loved and suffered and toiled there, than by the gathered dust of ages. Very, very few Americans have ever at all explored this Last Place in the World. It has not been a score of years known to our civilization. There is hardly ever a traveler to those remote recesses; and of the Americans who are settling the pretty oases, a large proportion have never seen the wonders within a few leagues of them. It is a

* Spanish, "The hangers-on."

† "Salt River," a fine stream whose waters are really salt.

‡ "Tonto" is Spanish for fool.



CLIFF-VILLAGE ON THE NANCOE.

far, toilsome land to reach; and yet there is no reason why any young American of average health should not visit this wonderland—which is as much more thrilling than any popular American resort as the White Mountains are more thrilling than Coney Island on a quiet day.

The way to reach this strangely fascinating region is by the Atlantic and Pacific railroad to Prescott Junction, Arizona, four hundred and twenty-eight miles west of Albuquerque. Thence a little railroad covers the seventy miles to Prescott; and from Prescott one goes by the mail-buckboard or by private conveyance to Camp Verde, forty-three miles. Camp Verde is the best headquarters for any who would explore the marvelous country about it. Comfortable accommodations are there; and there can be procured the needful horses—for thenceforward horseback travel is far preferable, even when not absolutely necessary. There is no danger whatever nowadays. The few settlers are intelligent, law-abiding people, among whom the traveler fares very comfortably.

The Verde* Valley is itself full of interest; and so are all its half-valley, half-cañon tributaries—Oak Creek, Beaver Creek, Clear Creek, Fossil Creek, and the rest. Away to the north, over the purple rim-rock of the Mogollones, peer the white peaks of the San Francisco range (one can also come to the Verde from Flagstaff, by a rough but interesting eighty-mile ride overland). All about the valley are mesas,† and cliffs so tall, so strange in form and color, so rent by shadowy cañons as to seem fairly unearthly. And follow whatever cañon

or cliff you will, you shall find everywhere more of these strange ruins. They are so many hundreds, that while all are of deep interest I can here describe only the more striking types.

Beaver Creek enters the Rio Verde about a mile above the now-abandoned fort. Its cañon is by no means a large one, though it has some fine points. A long and rocky twelve miles up Beaver, past smiling little farms of to-day that have usurped the very soil of fields whose tilling had been forgotten when history was new, brings one to a wonder which is not "the greatest of its kind," but the *only*. There is, I believe, nothing else like it in the world.

It has been named—by the class which has pitted the Southwest with misnomers—

"MONTEZUMA'S WELL."



It is hardly a well,—though an exact term is difficult to find,—and Montezuma‡ never had anything to do with it; but it is none the less wonderful under its misfit name. There is a legend (of late invention) that Montezuma, after being conquered

by Cortez, threw his incalculable treasure into this safest of hiding-places; but that is all a myth, since Montezuma had no treasures, and in any event could hardly have brought the fabled tons of gold across two thousand miles of desert to this "well," even if he had ever stirred outside the pueblo of Mexico after the

* Rio Verde, "Green River,"—so called from the verdure of its valley, which is in such contrast with its weird surroundings. † Table-lands.

‡ The war-chief of an ancient league of Mexican Indians, and *not* "Emperor of Mexico," as ill-informed historians assert.

Spaniards came—as he never did. But as one looks into this awesome abyss, it is almost easy to forget history and believe anything.

At this point, Beaver Creek has eaten away the side of a rounded hill of stone which rises more than one hundred feet above it, and now washes the foot of a sheer cliff of striking picturesqueness. I can half imagine the feelings of the first white man who ever climbed that hill. Its outer show gives no greater promise of interest than do ten thousand other elevations in the Southwest; but as one reaches a flat shoulder of the hill, one gets a first glimpse of a dark rift in the floor-like rock, and in a moment more stands upon the brink of an absolutely new experience. There is a vast, sheer well, apparently as circular as that peculiar rock could be broken by design, with sides of cliffs, and with a gloomy, mysterious lake at the bottom. The diameter of this basin approximates two hundred yards; and its depth from brink of cliff to surface of water is some eighty feet. One does not realize the distance across until a powerful thrower tries to hurl a pebble to the farther wall. I believe that no one has succeeded in throwing past the middle of the lake. At first sight one invariably takes this remarkable cavity to be the crater of an extinct volcano, like that in the Zuni plains already referred to; but a study of the unburnt limestone makes one give up that theory. The well is a huge "sink" of the horizontal strata in one particular undermined spot, the loosened circle of rock dropping forever from sight into a terrible subterranean abyss which was doubtless hollowed out by the action of springs far down in the lime-rock. As to the depth of that gruesome, black lake, there is not yet knowledge. I am assured that a sounding-line has been sent down three hundred and eighty feet, in a vain attempt to find bottom; and that is easily

credible. Toss a large stone into that midnight mirror, and for an hour the bubbles will struggle shivering up from its unknown depths.

The waters do not lave the foot of a perpendicular cliff all around the sides of that fantastic well. The unfathomed "slump" is in the center, and is separated from the visible walls by a narrow, submerged rim. One can wade out a few feet in knee-deep water,—if one have the courage in that "creepy" place,—and then, suddenly as walking from a parapet, step off into the bottomless. Between this water-covered



MONTENZUMA'S WELL.

rim and the foot of the cliff is, in most places, a wild jumble of enormous square blocks, fallen successively from the precipices and lodged here before they could tumble into the lower depths.

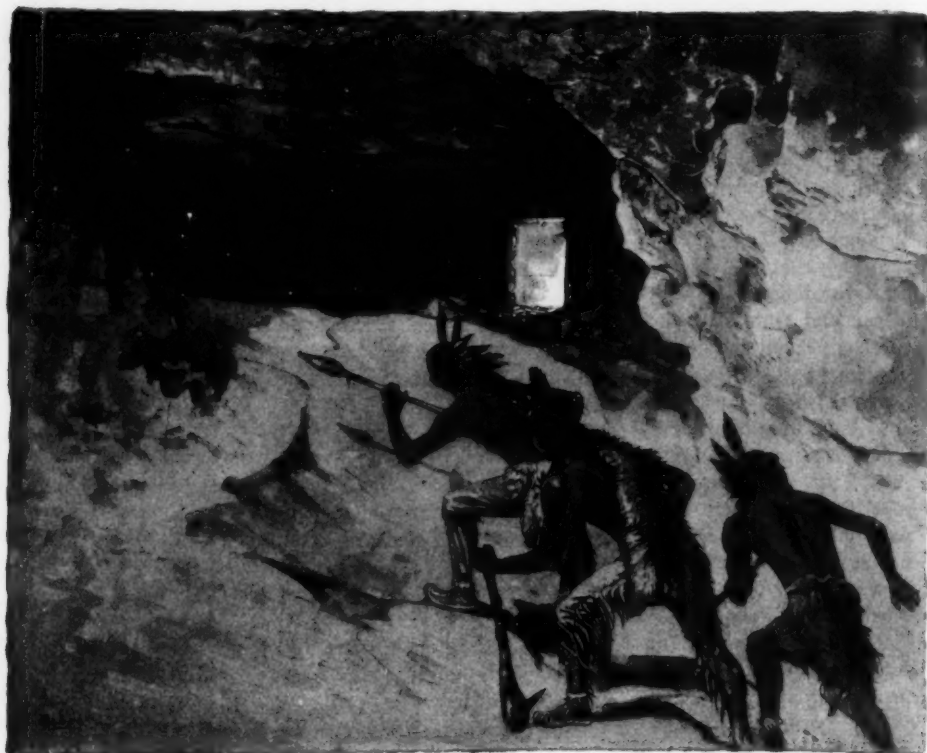
There are two places where the cliff can be descended from top to water's edge. Elsewhere it is inaccessible. Its dark, stained face, split by peculiar cleavage into the semblance of giant walls, frowns down upon its frowning image in that dark mirror. The whole scene is one of utter grimness. Even the eternal blue of an

Arizona sky, even the rare fleecy clouds, seem mocked and changed in that deep reflection.

Walking around the fissured brink of the well eastward, we become suddenly aware of a new interest—the presence of a human Past. Next the creek, the side of the well is nearly gone. Only a narrow, high wall of rock, perhaps one hundred feet through at the base, less than a score at the top, remains to keep the well

and three stories. It was a perfect defense to the Indians who erected it; and was not only safe itself on that commanding perch, but protected the approach to the well. This is the only town I know of that was ever built upon a natural bridge; as some houses in this same region are probably the only ones placed under such a curiosity.

Leading from the center of this fort-house, the



A NIGHT ATTACK OF APACHES UPON THE CLIFF-FORTRESS.

a well. On one side of this thin rim gapes the abyss of the well; on the other the abyss to the creek. Upon this wall—leaving scarce room to step between them and the brink of the well, and precariously clinging down the steep slope to the edge of the cliff that overhangs the creek—are the tumbled ruins of a strong stone building of many rooms, the typical fort-home of the ancient Pueblos. Its walls are still, in places, six to eight feet high; and the student clearly makes out that the building was of two

only easy trail descends into the well; and it is so steep that no foe could prosper on it in the face of any opposition. This brings us to a tiny green bench six or eight feet above the level of the dark lake, where two young sycamores and a few live-oak bushes guard a black cavity in the overhanging cliff. We look across the dark waters to the western wall, and are startled to see in its face a perfect cliff-house, perched where the eagle might build his nest. A strange aery for a home, surely! There, on a dizzy

little shelf, overhung by a huge flat rock which roofs it, stands this two-roomed type of the human dwelling in the old danger-days. From its window-hole a babe might lean out until he saw his dimpled image in the somber sheet below. Only at one end of the house, where a difficult trail comes up, is there room on the shelf for a dozen men to stand. In front, and at its north end, a goat could scarce find footing. The roof and floor and rear wall are of the solid cliff, the other three walls of stone masonry, perfect and unbroken still. A few rods along the face of the rock to the north is another cliff-dwelling not so large nor so well preserved; and farther yet is another. It is fairly appalling to look at those dizzy nests and remember that they were *homes*! What eagle-race was this whose warriors strung their bows, and whose women wove their neat cotton tunics, and whose naked babes rolled and laughed in such wild lookouts—the scowling cliff above, the deadly lake so far below! Or, rather, what grim times were those when farmers *had* to dwell thus to escape the cruel obsidian knife* and war-club of the merciless wandering savage!

But if we turn to the sycamore at our back, there is yet more of human interest. Behind the gray debris of the cliff gapes the low-arched mouth of a broad cave. It is a weird place to enter, under tons that threaten to fall at a breath; but there have been others here before us. As the eye grows wonted to the gloom, it makes out a flat surface beyond. There, forty feet back from the mouth, a strong stone wall stretches across the cave; and about in its center is one of the tiny doors that were characteristic of the Southwest when a doorway big enough to let in a whole Apache at a time was unsafe. So the fort-house balanced on the cliff-rim between two abysses and the houses nestled in crannies of the bald precipice were not enough—they must build far in the very caves! That wall shuts off a large, low, dark room. Beyond is another, darker and safer, and so on. To our left is another wall in the front of another branch of the cave; and in that wall is a little token from the dead past. When I went there for St. NICHOLAS, in June,

1891, my flash-light failed, and I lit a dry *entraña*† to explore during the hour it would take the lens to study out part of the cave in that gloom. And suddenly the unaccustomed tears came in my eyes; for on the flinty mortar of that strange wall was a print made when that mortar was fresh adobe mud, at least five hundred years ago, maybe several thousands,—the perfect imprint of a baby's chubby hand. And of that child, whose mud autograph has lasted perhaps as long as Cæsar's fame, who may have wrought as deep impression on the history of his race as Cæsar on the world's, we know no more than that careless hand-print, nor ever shall know.

This left-hand cave is particularly full of interest, and is probably the best remaining example of this class of home-making by the so-called "Cliff-dwellers." With its numerous windings and branches, it is hundreds of feet in length; and its rooms, formed by cross-walls of masonry, extend far into the heart of the hill, and directly under the fort-house. It seems to have been fitted for the last retreat of the people in case the fortress and the cliff-houses were captured by an enemy. It was well stored with corn, whose mummied cobs are still there; and—equally important—it had abundant water. The well *seems* to have no outlet—the only token of one visible from within being a little rift in the water-mosses just in front of the caves. But in fact there is a mysterious channel far down under the cliff, whereby the waters of the lake escape to the creek. In exploring the main cave one hears the sound of running water, and presently finds a place where one may dip a drink through a hole in the limestone floor of a subterranean room. The course of this lonely little brook can be traced for some distance through the cave, below whose floor it runs. Here and there in the rooms are lava hand-mills and battered stone hammers, and other relics of the forgotten people.

Returning to the creek at the foot of the hill, and following the outer cliff up-stream a few hundred feet, we come to a very picturesque spot under a fine little precipice whose foot is guarded by stately sycamores. Here is the outlet of the subterranean stream from the well.

* The only knives in those days were sharp-edged flakes of obsidian (volcanic glass) and other stone.

† The buckhorn-cactus, which was the prehistoric candle.

From a little hole in the very base of the cliff the glad rivulet rolls out into the light of day, and tumbles heels over head down a little ledge to a pretty pool of the creek.

The water of the well is always warmish, and in winter a little cloud of vapor hovers over the outlet. Between the cliff and the creek is pinched an irrigating-ditch, which carries the waters of the well half a mile south to irrigate the ranch of a small farmer. Probably no other man waters his garden from so strange a source.

Somewhat more than half-way back from Montezuma's Well to Camp Verde, but off the

winding road, is another curiosity, only less important, known as

"MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE."

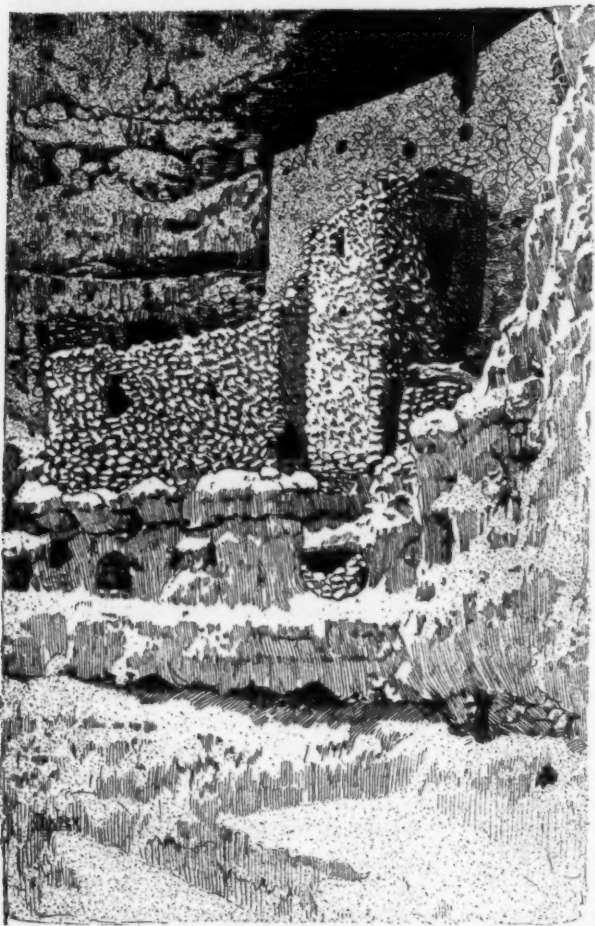
It is the best remaining specimen of what we may call the cave-pueblo—that is, a Pueblo Indian "community-house" and fortress, built in a natural cave. The oft-pictured ruins in the Mancos cañon are insignificant beside it.

Here the tiny valley of Beaver Creek is very attractive. The long slope from the south bank lets us look far up toward the black rim of the Mogollones, and across the smiling Verde Valley

to the fine range beyond. On the north bank towers a noble limestone cliff, two hundred feet high, beautifully white and beautifully eroded. In its perpendicular front, half-way up, is a huge, circular natural cavity, very much like a giant basin tilted on edge; and therein stands the noble pile of "Montezuma's Castle." A castle it truly looks, as you may see from the illustration—and a much finer ruin than many that people rush abroad to see, along the historic Rhine. The form of the successive limestone ledges upon which it is built led the aboriginal builders to give it a shape unique among its kind.

It is one of the most pretentious of the Pueblo ruins, as it is the most imposing; though there are many hundreds that are larger.

From the clear, still stream, hemmed in by giant sycamores that have doubtless grown only since that strange, gray ruin was deserted, the foot of the cliff is some three hundred feet away. The lowest foundation of the castle is over eighty feet above the creek; and from corner-stone to crest the building towers fifty feet. It is five stories tall, over sixty feet front in its widest

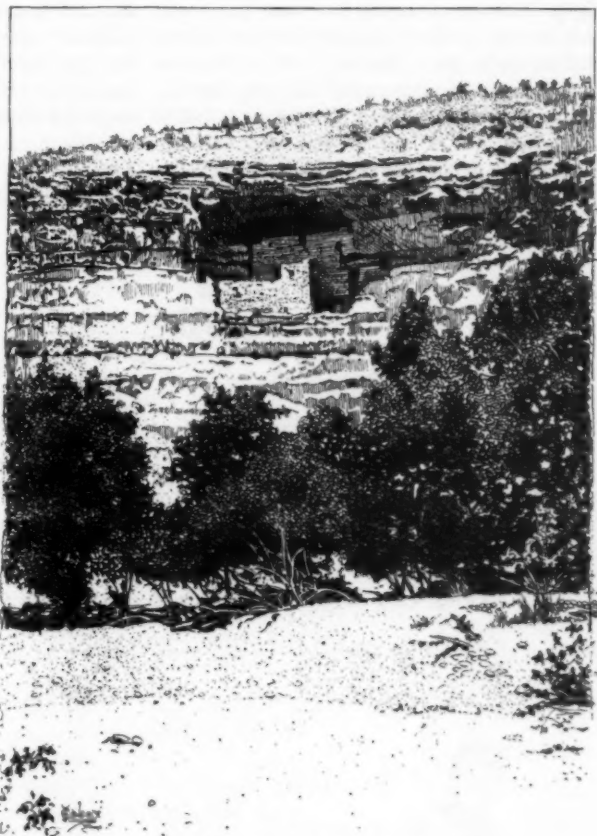


"MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE," FROM THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF.

part, and built in the form of a crescent. It contains twenty-five rooms of masonry; and there are, besides, many cave-chambers below and at each side of it—small natural grottos neatly walled in front and with wee doors. The timbers of the castle are still in excellent preservation,—a durability impossible to wood in any other climate,—and some still bear the clear marks of the stone axes with which they were cut. The rafter-ends outside the walls were “trimmed” by burning them off close. The roofs and floors of reed thatch and adobe mud are still perfect except in two or three rooms; and traces of the last hearth-fire that cooked the last meal, dim centuries ago, are still there. Indeed, there are even a few relics of the meal itself—corn, dried cactus-pulp, and the like.

The fifth story is nowhere visible from below, since it stands far back upon the roof of the fourth and under the hanging rock. In front it has a spacious veranda, formed by the roof of the fourth story, and protected by a parapet which the picture shows with its central gateway to which a ladder once gave access. It is only the upper story which can be reached by an outside ladder—all the others were accessible only through tiny hatchways in the roofs of those below. So deep is the great uptilted bowl in which the castle stands, so overhanging the wild brow of cliff above, that the sun has never shone upon the two topmost stories.

There is but one way to get to the castle; and that is by the horizontal ledges below. These rise one above the other (like a series of shelves, *not* like steps), ten to fourteen feet apart, and fairly overhang. The aborigines had first to build strong ladders, and lay them from ledge to ledge; and then up that dizzy footing they



"MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE," SEEN FROM BEAVER CREEK.

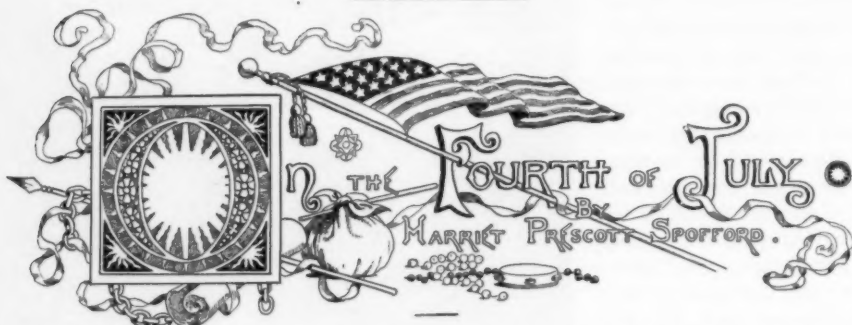
carried upon their backs the uncounted tons of stones and mortar and timbers to build that great edifice. What do you imagine an American architect would say, if called upon to plan for a stone mansion in such a place? The original ladders have long ago disappeared; and so have the modern ones once put there by a scientist at the fort. I had to climb to the castle by a crazy little frame of sycamore branches, dragging it after me from ledge to ledge, and sometimes lashing it to knobs of rock to keep it from tumbling backward down the cliff. It was a very ticklish ascent, and gave full understanding how able were the builders, and how secure they were when they had retreated to this high-perched fortress and pulled up their ladders—as they undoubtedly did every

night. A monkey could not scale the rock; and the cliff perfectly protects the castle above and on each side. Nothing short of modern weapons could possibly affect this lofty citadel.

Down in the valley at its feet—as below Montezuma's Well and the hundreds of other prehistoric dwellings in the cañon of Beaver—

are still traces of the little fields and of the *acequias* * that watered them. Even in those far days the Pueblos were patient, industrious, home-loving farmers, but harassed eternally by wily and merciless savages—a fact which we have to thank for the noblest monuments in our new-old land.

* The characteristic irrigating-ditches of the Southwest.



If in the Flowery Kingdom you had happened to be born,

Enough of flowers you might have—and every flower a thorn;

You would not, light as thistle-down, this Fourth of July morn,



CHINESE GIRL.

Dance round with your torpedoes and your mellow mimic horn; For you would be, poor little maid, unused to go alone,—

A prisoner whose bandaged feet no liberty have known!

Oh! what is it floats above us, so dauntlessly on high, The sunset bars, the midnight stars, a glory in the sky! The winds are waiting on it, with rainbows, storms, and showers, And all the sunshine of the land pours through that flag of ours!

And if, a darling of the sun, you first had seen his ray

Where far in burning heavens shine the snows of Himalay,

Where women wastetheir dreary lives and wear the time away

In braiding jewels for their hair the livelong summer day,

Outdoors would be a fairy-land forbidden to your eye,

The slave of the zenana, within its walls to die.



TURKISH GIRL.



CIRCASSIAN GIRL.

And if you chanced to be the child of the Circassian hills, Where the shepherd's fluting wild the glades with music fills,

One day the thought of wandering herds and
leaping mountain rills
With longing that is but despair across your
memory thrills,—

A Turkish merchant lifts your veil and finds
that you are fair;

You are his slave, and never more will breathe
your native air.



AFRICAN GIRL.

And if where the Dark
Continent its vast
recesses hides,
Where to lose itself in
deserts the mighty
river slides,
Your home were in a
wattled hut upon
the jungle-sides—

A warrior with his spear
across the thicket glides,
And tears you from your mother's arms, and
never heeds her wail,
To sell with gold and ivory where the slave-
ship drops her sail.

Or even if you had been
born a week's sail
o'er the sea,

In that Green Island
from which snakes
were one day forced
to flee,

More like than not this
sorry day an exile
you would be,



IRISH GIRL.

Or turned out of your cabin in the bog to
sleep, machree;

And you'd have no country of your own till
you crossed wild leagues of foam,

And church-steps in a foreign land would be
your only home.

But here you dance, as light as if the wind's
will were your own,

Nor cramped your feet, nor dwarfed your soul
where this bright flag is blown!

No merchant weighs that heart of yours, as
heavy as a stone,

With silks and
shawls; no fetter
cuts your white
wrist to the
bone;

But to blossom and
to bourgeon
here you are as
free as flowers,

This blessed banner
overhead pos-
sesses heavenly
powers!



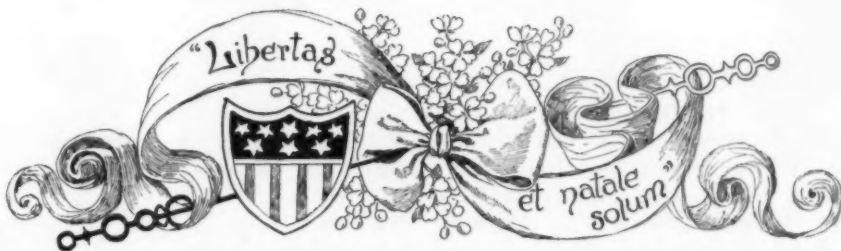
AMERICAN GIRL.

Oh, what is it
floats above us,
so dauntlessly
on high,

The sunset bars, the midnight stars, a glory
in the sky!

The winds are waiting on it, with rainbow,
storms, and showers,

And all the sunshine of the land gleams in
that flag of ours!



A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



My Dolly went to the Fourth of July -
I never should have allowed her -
We both were careless, Dolly and I,
And came too close to the powder.
I don't know how it happened, myself -
Twas something about the fuses -
But Dolly and I were laid on the shelf
With blisters and bumps, and bruises.



I wasn't hurt very much, you know,
Tho' mama declared it shocked her;
My troubles were cured, long, long ago
Without once calling the doctor.
But Dolly will never again be fair
Where the horrid powder shot her,
And it frizzled and singed her golden hair
Till she's balder than Uncle Potter.

THE LITTLE BARLEY-SUGAR VENDER.

*Translated by Nina M. Miel from "Le Petit Marchand de Sucre d'Orge,"
published in the St. Nicholas for May.*

It is recess: the children joyfully escape from school and rush to the little vender, who never fails to be there when the time comes for them to be dismissed.

He is a child of ten or twelve years of age, clothed in white, with a sweet, winning face, who proudly wears his little cap, which is also white, and carries the little tray hanging from his neck.

His stock-in-trade is carefully arranged in lines on white paper; it consists of the sticks of barley-sugar so dear to French children. Some are flavored with lemon, some with orange, some with chocolate, some with caramel, and some with marshmallow; these last white and melting in the mouth, and twisted into spirals. One cent for the little ones, two for the large. It is a rare thing for the child, on starting for school, not to obtain from his mama the precious coin which will procure him this dainty dessert after his luncheon.

The little vender serves each in turn, receiving the pennies in his little box, and wrapping the end of each stick of barley-sugar with a piece of paper, so that his young customers may not get their fingers sticky.

He does not disdain to do honor to his wares by tasting one of his sticks himself. From time to time he withdraws it from his lips, crying: "Barley-sugar, barley-sugar, one cent and two cents!"

One corner of his apron is tucked up and shows his knee-breeches, his stockings, neatly pulled up, and his stout shoes; for our little dealer is obliged to make long rounds among the schools of the neighborhood where he finds his best customers, and, in the evening, to the approaches to the theaters frequented by workmen and their families, to whom a stick of barley-sugar is a favorite treat.

It is his mother without doubt, a poor widow, who makes his humble stock at her home. On her range, always lighted, is put the mixture of water, barley, and sugar, which, after boiling for a long time, is poured into different receptacles to be flavored and pulled, then shaped into sticks which are to become cold and hard on a marble slab. His day at an end, the little barley-sugar vender, if he has had good sales, returns home, joyfully, to pour into his mother's lap the result of his day's business.



"TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON, HE STOLE A FIG AND AWAY HE RUN."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A GLAD summer welcome to you, one and all! And now, in this time of bloom and sunshine, I am moved to discourse to you familiarly upon

OUR NATIONAL FLOWER:

IT is not always July, my friends, and the fire-cracker cannot well be chosen as our national flower—blooming violently as it does every twelve-month. New York State has, they say, made the goldenrod its own. The graceful mullen is rejected, I suppose, because it is naturalized, not native; besides, a national flower is needed,—not a national stalk. Therefore, is it not full time that you and I should help the nation to decide? And since it must be one thing if not another, what shall it be? That is the question.

Our country's flower should have a wide range of blooming. It should be hardy, ornamental, and with a decided air of its own—not a national air; that is another matter. It need not be large nor showy, but it should be bright and worthy of honor—above all, it should convey a sentiment to the hearts of the people.

One day the dear Little Schoolma'am, after explaining the subject, "Our National Flower," to the children of the Red School-house, asked:

"Which of you can propose a flower?"

There was a deep silence for some seconds. Then up went a little hand:

"I can, ma'am. I think it ought to be the *Yankee-doodle dandelion!*"

The little girl who said this was not making fun: she was in earnest, though all the school laughed. And, to my mind, one might do worse than propose the dandelion,—bright, sturdy, ever-present little republican that it is.

According to some historians, a spray of the scarlet thorn floated out upon the sea to greet Columbus as he neared his promised land. Brother

Burroughs, I am informed, is to tell you about the thorn in this month's *ST. NICHOLAS*; Brother Fenn is going to picture it for you in three of its pretty varieties; and Sister Nason is to sing you a fine ballad telling how it was the "first to greet Columbus."

At all events, it may be well for you, my investigators, to look into this matter. Observe all the North American flowers you meet with; find out all you can about every plant that, so far, has been suggested as our national flower. Speak to the grown folk, ply them with questions, tell them, up and down, that this country needs a national flower, and it ought to have it. After a while they'll select one, or my name is not Jack. And what if the scarlet thorn, with its pretty bud, its bright fruit, its defensive thorn, its strong, expressive lines,—above all, its historic welcoming of Christopher Columbus,—should prove to be the choice?

OUR NATIONAL HYMN.

I HAD intended, my good listeners, to address you awhile to-day on the important question, "Have we a National Hymn?" but my pulpit is laden with so many, many letters concerning this point, that I hardly know which to take up first. And now the dear Little Schoolma'am warns me that this is your busy month, and that—if I don't mind—she feels pretty sure you would prefer that I should wait till August. This Fourth of July will be gone by that time; but our country will very probably be here, and we shall have ample time to report a few of the views and opinions of this congregation upon this still unsettled and most urgent question—our National Hymn.

THOSE FIVE DOLLAR HORSES.

YOUR Jack has not felt quite comfortable in his pulpit since he told you that he knew where you could buy a good, sound, live horse for five dollars. What if some eager little chap with that very sum carefully tucked under his pillow, has been lying awake o' nights thinking of the day when he should become the owner of this dashing steed or a gentle pony, whichever he had decided to buy! Ah, well, the fine horse *is* for sale—many fine horses are—for five dollars, and for even a lower price; but all my boys and girls do not live in or near Australia, and it is in Australia that these equine bargains are to be found.

Hey? What does equine mean? No, you funny boy of the Red School-house, it does not mean "horses fed on quinine." Ask the Latin class, or the dictionaries. They will tell you.

Yes; in Queensland, Australia, I am told, on good authority, horses are so plentiful that they are really in the way. Ordinary animals are not worth two dollars a head, and good ones in a half-wild state overrun the colony. At auction they will not bring more than thirteen or fourteen dollars a dozen. Think of that! Thousands of horses to every single boy who desires to ride. It reminds me of the present condition of things in New Jersey—millions of mosquitos to every boy or girl who wishes to be bitten!

THE FIVE-POINTED STAR.

BY CHARLES F. JENKINS.

It was a hot, summer day. Betty Ross, seated in a high-back chair at her front window, was industriously plying her needle. Out in Mulberry street the cobbles and the bricks in the narrow sidewalk fairly shimmered with the heat. They were used to it, though. All day the sun beat down upon them. Rising out of the Delaware in the morning, it passed from one end of the long street to the other, at last sinking to rest in the Schuylkill, beyond the town. The big maple-tree along the curbstone, however, threw a pleasant shade over the front of the little two-story house.

Despite the extreme heat there seemed to be an air of suppressed excitement in the usually quiet city; and the quick tread of passing feet, the clatter of a galloping horseman, and the heavy rumble of a loaded cart, caused Betty to pause from her work and glance into the street. Even "Powder," the big black cat who always curled up for a good long nap right after dinner, was wakeful and restless. He stood on the arm of Betty's chair, his fore feet on the window-sill, gazing up and down the street at every passer-by. Once Betty heard the sound of fife and drum, and laying her work aside she stood on the broad doorstep while a whole regiment of raw Virginia troops marched slowly up Second street, just below, on their way to join the Continental army in New Jersey.

But this reminded Betty that she must not waste her time. Ever since her husband's death, some years before, she had supported herself by taking in sewing, and now she was accounted the neatest and most skilful seamstress in all Philadelphia. With her present piece of work she was taking extra pains, and yet it must be finished by sunset. She was making shirts with wide embroidered ruffles for General Washington, who must hasten away that night to overtake the Virginia regiment, and with them join the waiting army.

And so she sewed on steadily for an hour or more. Powder had at last curled up on the cool stone of the doorstep, and was apparently fast asleep. Neighbor Samuel Smith paused at the window to wipe his perspiring brow and tell the latest news from Congress and the army. "Yes," he said, in answer to her inquiry; "Congress decided upon the flag this morning, and without any debate either"; then he passed slowly on to his home near the corner below.

Again she heard footsteps approaching. They paused at her door, and she had barely time to put aside her sewing when the tall form of General Washington himself appeared in the doorway. Very warm he was with his stiff uniform, his heavy hat, and epaulets, and all. With him were her husband's uncle, Colonel Ross, and a gentleman

in citizen's clothes. Powder, aroused from his nap, took refuge under his mistress's chair.

"Betty Ross," said General Washington, noting the heads that were peeping out from the opposite windows, and the presence of a half-dozen boys in the doorway anxious to see and hear all that was going on, "we want to speak with you privately."

"Come in here, then," said Betty, leading the way through the little entry into the darkened back parlor; "we will not be disturbed here."

The gentlemen followed, Colonel Ross carefully closing the door behind him.

"Betty," said Washington, "we have decided on the flag, and we want you to make it for us. Do you think you can do it?" "I don't know whether I can, but I'll try," said Betty. "How is it to be made?"

Washington took from his pocket a rough drawing, and explained how wide it should be and how long, the number of stripes and how they were to be arranged, and explained to her that in the upper left-hand corner there was to be a blue field with thirteen white stars.

"But why hast thou made the stars six-pointed?" asked Betty. No one knew.

At last Robert Morris, the committeeman in civilian dress, suggested that in English heraldry the star had six points.

"Yes," answered Betty with spirit, "and that is all the more reason why ours should be five-pointed."

"But, Betty, can you make a shapely five-pointed star?" asked Colonel Ross.

Hastening into the front room, she returned with her work-basket. Picking out a square piece of cambric, she deftly arranged it, one fold over another, and finally with one clip of her shears she cut off the greater portion of it. Opening out what remained she showed them a perfect star with five points. The committee were delighted with the suggestion, and it was adopted at once.

And this is said to be why the stars in our flag to-day are five-pointed, while those on our coins, following the English custom, have six points.

Betty made her flag, soon to be unfurled as the emblem of Independence and Union, with thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, and thirteen white stars arranged in a circle on the blue field in the corner. Some said the stars represented the constellation called Lyra, and were an emblem of harmony and unity; but Congress designed it to be "a new constellation."

For years Betty and her daughter made flags for the government, and Betty cut many graceful five-pointed stars with one clip of her shining shears. To this day the little girls among her descendants, just as soon as they are old enough to use a pair of scissors, receive a piece of paper,

and their mamas show them how their great-great-grandma made the star for General Washington. It was one of these little girls, now grown up, who showed me how to do it.

HOW TO MAKE THE STAR.

TAKE a square piece of paper and fold it in half; then fold it again so that it will resemble fig. I.

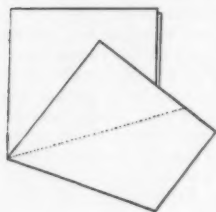


FIG. I.

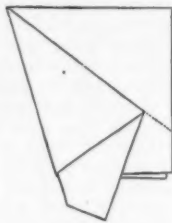


FIG. II.

Fold it again on the dotted line so that when folded it will be as in fig. II. Fold it over once more,

again on the dotted line; when it should have the shape of fig. III. Then cut it as shown by the dotted line in fig. III, and you will have a symmetrical five-pointed star.

Betty's little house is standing to-day. Everything else around it has changed—even the name of the street is different. Tall five-storied buildings look down on both sides—one fancies, with contempt—upon the little two-storied building with its shingled roof and dormer window. The front room where Betty sewed is now used as a store, but, with the exception of a new floor, the show-window, and the door, it is as it was a hundred years ago. May it long withstand the march of so-called progress!



FIG. III.

DEVELOPING DRY PLATES.

By F. E.

IN this article I shall very simply and briefly state a few of the principles that govern the use of the apparatus and chemicals employed in developing dry plates. By following the plain directions given, one may develop his own pictures with intelligent skill. But, unless the young experimenter has the patience to master the few principles of the art and science of photography, he will never make a photographer. It will be a mere matter of chance whether he gets good pictures or not. The real art and science of photography are in the intelligent use of a lens and in the development of the plate. A person who does not know why and how to vary the proportions of his chemicals under different circumstances, and who, *therefore*, sends his pictures to be developed for him, is not a photographer. He is on a level with the child who holds the end of the rein when his father drives.

We must first consider the action of light on the prepared plate, and then the uses of the few chemicals needed.

When light shines on various substances, it causes certain changes to occur in them. Some it causes to change in color. The compounds of silver, for instance, turn purple or brown or black, as you have probably seen photographic "proofs" and indelible ink do, when exposed to light.

In preparing photographic plates, the glass, paper, or celluloid is coated on one side with a

mixture of fine glue and a solution of silver. This coated side is called the "film" side. The coating is done in a room lighted by the least possible quantity of red light. The mixture is called an "emulsion." These emulsions are made at different temperatures, the emulsions for the most sensitive plates being made at higher temperatures than those for slow plates. The plates will keep good for months.

When one of these plates is put into a camera, in the place of the ground glass, and the lens is uncapped before a landscape, the light that comes through the lens acts differently on different parts of the plate. The light that comes from the bright sky affects the plate much more than the small amount of light that comes from any dark, less lighted object. When the plate is taken to the dark-room and looked at after the light has acted upon it, no picture is visible. Its coating is of just the same uniform cream-color as before. But when you pour over your "exposed" plate certain photographic chemicals, whose uses are to be explained later, the plate will become black, from a deposit of silver, wherever any light has shone on it through the lens. The sky part of the picture quickly turns black; but if a man in a black coat had been standing before the lens when the plate was exposed to the light, that part of the plate where his coat should appear would not be changed at all. When the picture has been developed, we can put the plate

into a solution which will dissolve away any unchanged parts.

If we hold the developed plate up to the light, we see a picture in which everything is exactly as it is *not* in nature. A black coat, for instance, would be almost bare glass; a white sky would be black, and we should call the picture a "negative." From one negative, any number of pictures, true to nature, and called "positives," can be made. For if we put the negative, when dry, upon another plate or piece of paper coated like the first plate—film touching film—and let the light shine through the negative and upon the film of the second plate, and treat the second plate or paper with chemicals as before, the light shining through the bare glass makes the second plate black in those places below bare spaces; while the black parts of the negative, say the sky, protect the second plate, whose sky will be light, as in nature. We thus have a "positive," which may be a window-transparency, or lantern-slide, or paper picture, with lights and darks as in nature.

We might say that the "art" of photography consists in handling the plates, apparatus, and chemicals in a neat and exact way; in choosing picturesque subjects; and in placing the sitters so as to get the best picture. The "science" of photography requires such a knowledge of the actions, or, as chemists say, "reactions" of the chemicals employed, that by skillful use of these chemicals one may "save" a plate, even when the exposure was made under unfavorable conditions of light or for too long or too short a time.

Photographic chemicals may be divided into classes according to their uses:

1. Those sometimes called the developers. Among these are: pyrogallie acid, hydrochinon, and eikonogen. I recommend eikonogen to the beginner, because it is clean, powerful in its action, and not a poison.
2. The alkali group. The principal of these are: carbonate of potash, carbonate of soda, and aqua ammonia.
3. Hyposulphite of soda, commonly called "hypo," used in making the "fixing" solution.
4. Sulphite of soda, called the "restrainer."
5. Bromide of potassium, or "bromide," the "retarder."

The developers put strength into the blacks of a picture or make it "intense." One must always use a little alkali with them. The alkali group are called accelerators because they hurry, so to speak, the action of Group 1. If you have had very poor light or very little light for your picture, you use a large proportion of alkali. The solutions, mixed together, of one or more members of Group 1 with one or more members of Group 2 are called "developers." "Hypo" is the chemical which dissolves away the portions of the emulsion not needed, and therefore "fixes" the parts needed. It is frequently used for plates in a solution of ten parts of water to one of hypo.

Sulphite of soda is used to prevent the members of Group 1 from wasting their work, or from being affected by the air. There is, therefore, a difference between its work and the work done by the

bromide, which is that of a retarder, not of a restrainer.

Bromide is used to prevent too rapid action of the members of Group 1 in case the light were allowed to shine too long on the plate through the lens. A plate that is left too long exposed under the action of the light is said to be "over-exposed." When the light has not acted long enough on a plate it is said to be "under-exposed." By using a little more alkali than usual, *carefully*, we may often save a plate; but sometimes, if too much is used or it is used when there is no need for it, the plate will turn gray all over, and we get no picture at all. The plate is then said to be "fogged." It may be "fogged" from over-exposure, from improper use of the chemicals, or from the use of poor chemicals.

An under-exposed plate is deficient in detail and is weak in contrast. An over-exposed plate is full of detail; every minute figure in the pattern of a dress and every branch and leaf of a tree may show, but there is no contrast, and the sky appears hardly darker than anything else.

If you will keep a note-book in which to record facts connected with the exposure and development of each plate, you will not *need* to use more than the first half-dozen of your plates in experimenting.

Your eikonogen must be kept dry and cold and in the dark. The sulphite of soda and carbonate of potash must be in bottles tightly corked; they will spoil if more than a little air is allowed to enter the bottles. You can make up your solutions as follows:

Solution A. Take of sulphite of soda crystals $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, or of granular sulphite of soda $\frac{1}{4}$ of an ounce. Dissolve this in 12 ounces of hot water. When this is cold, add $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce eikonogen. This gives you 10 grains of eikonogen to the ounce of water.

Solution B. Carbonate of potash 3 drachms (180 grains), and add of water enough to give about 10 grains to the ounce of water. Put in a measuring-glass 3 ounces of A and 1 of B. This is a "normal developer." If your plate should be over-exposed take less B; if under-exposed take a little more of B than a normal exposure requires.

Take your plate-holder into the dark-room, and arrange your red or yellow light. In the dark-room you must have running water, or at least a pitcher of water, and a pail to pour the waste water into. Dust the exposed plate and put it into your developing-tray. Flow your four ounces of mixed developer quickly over the surface of the plate so as to cover it completely, and gently rock the tray to prevent specks or air-bubbles from resting on the plate.

If the exposure was right, the picture will very soon begin to appear, and will grow gradually in strength, keeping good contrast. Keep the tray covered as much as possible, and do not bring it near the light often. One cannot give any exact rule as to time; you can soon tell about it by the gradual and steady growth of the picture. After some minutes it will appear to sink into the film, and you will begin to see the picture on the back of the plate. Wash the plate, and put it into the tray of hypo solution. In a few minutes, the cream-

white of the unaffected part of the plate will be dissolved away, and the plate is said to be "fixed." It is a good plan to lay the plate face down in the hypo, provided the plate can be lifted a little at one end, so that the film does not touch the tray. Then wash the plate thoroughly. If there is no running water, change the water in the dish four or five times, letting the plate stay in fifteen minutes at a time.

Your developing- and hypo-trays should each be marked, and never used for anything but its special chemicals. Especially must you avoid getting a single drop of hypo into your developing-tray; it may spoil the picture, and often spoils the dish too.

Use fresh hypo every day; the developers will last much longer.

If your picture comes up before ten seconds, it was probably over-exposed, and may fog and be spoiled, unless you can check it quickly enough. Pour the solution off from the plate, and fill the tray with water; weaken your developer with water,

add a few drops of bromide, pour the water off from the plate, and try again.

If the plate were under-exposed, it would come very slowly. When you have found, by noticing the way in which you needed to vary the proportions of your chemicals, whether or not the exposure was right, expose another plate, and change the length of the exposure, if necessary. This second exposure must be made under the same conditions of light. Your first picture ought to be taken in the middle of a sunny day between ten o'clock and two. Do not let the sun shine into your lens. Keep your camera steady, when exposing. If necessary put it on a bench and *sit* on it, while you expose your plate.

When your plate is washed, set it up on edge to dry. Do not attempt to make a print from it until it is entirely dry.

One cannot expect to treat the whole subject of developing in this brief paper, but a careful worker can make very fair pictures with such simple directions as I have given.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscript cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every morning that I expect you I come down to breakfast early, so as to get the first glimpse of your exciting story, "Tom Paulding"; and though I do not often have time to read it before school, it is always the first thing when I come home. I am also greatly interested in your kind friend "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," whose stories I love dearly.

You are always so nice when you come to us, but later in the month you always look rather soiled on account of the little hands that finger you, for our house is full of boys, and small ones, too.

I have a very good friend who comes to my house for supper, and we usually work your puzzles out together in the evening. I am a little girl, living in New York, quite far up-town; and I am also

Your interested reader, EMMA T—.

NAVY YARD, BOSTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and I often see a letter from an army or a navy girl; and as I was born in a Navy Yard—Mare Island—and have always lived in one, I thought I must write, too.

I will tell you something about this Boston Navy Yard, where all the children have such good times. My papa has command of the barracks in which, at the time I am writing this letter, we have quarters, although we expect to have moved away by the time you print this letter if you think it good enough for the "Letter-box." Right in front of the barracks is the parade-ground, where the

soldiers drill and where we play croquet and tennis. Then comes the cannon park where there are about seven hundred and fifty cannon, and the ball park where are little pyramids of cannon-balls, and where we have fine times playing tag and other games. And there is a stand where the band from the "Wabash" plays three afternoons in the week, and every one goes out and promenades up and down to hear it. So we have lots of fun.

There are about one hundred and eighty men in these barracks, and they have about twenty bugle-calls a day, from reveille, or "Can't get 'm up," at 6 A. M., to "taps," at 9:30. Calls for drill and guard-mounting at 8, meal-calls, calls for forenoon drills and recalls; color-mounting at 8 and haul down colors at sunset, or retreat and sick-calls, etc. The meal-calls sound like "Soup-e, soup-e, without a single bean; pork-e, pork-e, without a streak of lean; coffee, coffee, meanest ever seen." The cavalry-call sounds like "Go down to the stable as quick as you can and get the poor horse some corn." At drill, just after guard-mounting, they play "The Muffin Man."

Your loving reader, GERTRUDE ALMY H—.

TABRIZ, PERSIA, ASIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if I am the only reader of you here in Persia.

I think boys of my age can find this country easily if they have studied geography. It is governed by the Shah. He is a good king for this country.

My mama teaches me some of my studies. I am studying Persian, Turkish, and Syriac. In this part of

the country they all speak Turkish. I am studying French, too. My brother, who is four years younger than I, is studying Armenian.

We have a large pond in our yard. It is frozen over all the winter. I have a pair of skates. I think a good many of your readers think that Persia is a very hot country. It is in some parts of the country. But here it is cold; we live in the northern part, which is the same as ancient Media.

We have a white donkey; we ride him a great deal.

Your interested reader, ALLEN O. W—.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you only four months. When I was nine years old my papa took me to Niagara Falls. The falls come down with such force that fine spray fills the air. I also have been to Washington and Mauch Chunk. I rode up Mount Pisgah over the gravity railroad, and had a beautiful view of the country for miles from the summit of this mountain. From there we rode up to a quiet little mining-town among the mountains where we saw the burning coal-mine.

While in Washington we went up in the top of the Washington Monument, nearly five hundred and fifty-six feet from the ground. I have lived in three different cities: Philadelphia, Rahway, N. J., and now live in Wilmington, Del., and think I like it the best. This is a great manufacturing city, and has a population of about sixty-two thousand.

I was very much interested in the "Admiral's Caravan," and also like your "Letter-box."

Your appreciative friend, EUGENE C. H—.

DIAMOND, ARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been here three years. My native home is Indiana. I came through Illinois as we came here. I think it a fine country—the beautiful prairie stretches away as far as eye can see. We have the finest mineral springs here one ever saw. I think we raise the finest fruit in the world. In the lower lands of Arkansas people raise cotton, mostly. I don't expect the children in cities and in the northern States ever saw any growing. I think it beautiful, with the bolls of cotton hanging down, and as white as snow.

Your new friend, INES McM—.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As it is raining very hard, and my lessons are prepared, I am going to write you a short letter.

I have been taking you about three years, and my happiest moments are spent in reading you. I am acquainted with one of your writers, Miss A. M. Ewell. I spent two very pleasant weeks at her home in Prince William County, Va. I enjoy her stories very much. It is getting dark, so I must close.

Your faithful reader, GRACE H—.

FORT HUACHUCA, ARIZONA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is an army-post in southern Arizona, about fourteen miles from Mexico. Our nearest town is Tombstone. The post is just at the mouth of a cañon of the Huachuca (pronounced Wachuca) mountains. We are five thousand two hundred feet above the sea, and the climate is splendid. Lovely storms come down the mountains, but we never have rainy days. There are cavalry and infantry at the post, and an Indian company. One of the Indians died recently, and he had a regular military funeral; his coffin was on a caisson with a flag over it, and the band played. It must have seemed queer to the other Indians. On Washington's

Birthday we had two picnics. Some of the little children rode on burros and went a short distance up the cañon. The burros go so slowly they would not have had much time for a picnic if they had gone far. The rest of us got a dump-cart from the quartermaster, and a big white mule they call "Whitewings," and went up to the springs, about three miles up the cañon. We had lots of fun climbing over rocks and gathering water-cresses. Then we had lunch. Coming home was more fun than anything else. Whitewings tried to trot all the way home. Going down hills we went bumping along until we all felt sick. After we came home our pictures were taken.

Yours sincerely, EUGENIA B—.

FOOTVILLE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the April number of your charming magazine you spoke of that kite as being a monster; it was rather large, but another boy and I built a kite last summer that beat that one "all hollow." The boards were one-half inch thick by two inches wide; very heavy brown paper was used for covering, which was fastened on by lapping over the outside string and sewing.

When finished, it was about eight feet high, and when it was lying on its side I could just comfortably reach to the place where the cross-string was fastened to the cross-stick; and I am thirteen years old, and four feet nine inches tall. We built it for a storekeeper who had plenty of string. For a tail we had four or five pairs of pants, an old hammock, and twenty-five or thirty feet of old rope. It took two boys to start it, and when it had got up where there was a good breeze it took its turn pulling, and we could not have held it much longer had not a man helped us. At its full height it had six balls of wool-twine, and also enough other twine to have reached two blocks. In regard to tails, I think that rags are better than paper, for they are not so apt to get tangled should anything happen to the kite.

RAY P—.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read every month, with so much pleasure, the letters from your bright boys and girls in all parts of the world, and thought perhaps one from me might find room. I call myself an American, for I was born in New York fourteen years ago, but my father is a Dutch artist, and we live in Paris.

I would like to describe my last summer's trip to Brittany. Last July we went for a month to Quimperlé, a little town of about four thousand inhabitants. It is situated in a charming valley, often called the "Arcadie of Finistère," its quaint old houses leaning in all sorts of angles, with sunken mud floors, on which the babies, pigs, and chickens play together; and at the little half-doors the old people sit to smoke and gossip after their day's work.

Three rivers meet in the town, and the old moss-grown bridges offer many *motifs* or hints to the artists who were the first to find these out-of-the-way corners.

We drove then to Pont-Aven, over such a wonderful road, kept, like all the post-roads in France, in perfect repair.

Pont-Aven is not so pretty as Quimperlé, but has quite a colony of artists of all nations. We spent our two months there very pleasantly, with trips to the sea and to "pardons," which occur every Sunday at one or the other of the many churches.

Perhaps not all your little friends know just what a Breton pardon is. Early in the morning crowds of country carts, loaded with peasant women dressed in snowy caps and collars, and looking like so many strange birds, were seen driving toward the church, which this time was on the estate of a marquis, and beautifully placed

in a woody valley opening out to a stream. At eleven o'clock they formed a procession of priests, boys carrying banners, and girls in white, headed by such music as they could obtain.

As the church was too small to hold them all, several hundred kneeled out on the hillside during mass, and a few old beggars dragged themselves around the church on their knees, asking alms.

After mass the business of the day begins,—the men drinking cider and gossiping, while the young folks walk about among the booths buying pretty favors.

A few of them found their way through the wood to an old fountain which is supposed to be sacred; and the Bretons believe that it cures all diseases. Poor old men afflicted with rheumatism poured the water carefully into their sabots, down their sleeves, aiding each other in pouring it down the back of their necks; mothers washed their sick babies in the pool below.

After the pardons, the peasants' weddings are interesting. It is a very poor wedding, indeed, in which there are not two hundred invited guests. The wedding feast is served in the covered market, the sides of which are hung with large linen sheets, and just behind where the bride stands it is dotted with flowers.

The bridal party appear, headed by their traditional bagpipes, and then begins the feast; afterward comes two hours' feasting on dishes of pork, beef, and greens, hard and heavy Breton cakes, and black bread, all washed down with great draughts of cider.

Then the pipers, mounted high upon barrels, begin their, to our ears, piercing music. The dance is a sort of gavotte, slow, and long in duration, with only now and then a rest for more cider.

As they dance in sabots, it is not very graceful, and

from the sad, smileless faces I think it more of a duty than a pleasure. It is kept up for three days, and the couple who dance longest are the heroes of the hour!

I mean to be an artist, and as soon as my school work is over I shall begin hard studio work.

Your friend and reader,

AVIS H—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: C. G. M., N. A., Elfreda S., Charlotte C., Louis D., Ellinor D. W., Clara K., Winifred M. A., Stewart R., H. M. S., Emma L. C., Harold M. B., Nellie M. A., F. D. C., Grace A. L., Lewis A., Edith M. B., Harry B. H., Elsie B. B., Saidee P. M., Bertha B., Mathilde F. and Sue H., Maud and Lily, Lucetta G. B., Ellen M. B., Hattie D. L., John B., Jr., Paul Jerome W., Eleanor M. W., Thos. M. P., Jr., Ethel F., Estelle M. S., Edith A. G. E., Lyman K., Lyndego, Persen M. B., Ormie S. P., Harry R., Veva A., Ethel B., Elise C., Elsa H., Edward S., "Little Iowan," Lenore S., Alice W., Hazel J. H., George F. P., Ella K., Edith M. B., Elizabeth W., Helen T., Herbert E. S., Helen, Sarah L., Louise M. P., Clare, Bessie C., Francis, Geo. Aug. H., Eliza G. F., Julia B. F., Blanche W., M. Y., Ernestine P., Frank B., S. Annie W., Miriam C., Dora May G., D. E. T., Annie F. G., Helen E., Madeline L. S., Eleanor M. B. and Bessy M. K., Thos. L. E., Arthur N. H., May W., Julia R. C., Grace M. H., Bessie B., Henry B. S., Bessie M. G., Russell F., Helen L. H., Alice G. H., Hazel M. H., Pearl H., Robin G. H., Kate C. W., Solange N. J., Louise H. H., Isabel S. T., B. Gage L., E. D. P., Allie S. D., Burnadene S., "Junie," Mabel S., Edith P. B., Willy G. T. G., Daisy A., Harold E. C., Coleman M., Ada E. T., A. Louise T.



"UH HUH! WOULD YE LOOK AT THE STYLE THE O'ROURKES IS A-PUTTIN' ON, AN' ALL 'CAUSE THEIR FATHER'S BEEN MADE A POLICEMAN!"

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

A LETTER PUZZLE. Begin at C in "actual."
Calm weather in June
Sets the corn in tune.

SYNCOPIATIONS. Bunker Hill. 1. Ga-b-le. 2. Br-u-it. 3. Ti-n-es.
4. As-k-er. 5. Dr-e-am. 6. Cu-t-es. 7. Ap-h-is. 8. Lo-i-re. 9. So-l-ar. 10. Do-l-or.—ANAGRAM. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Cades. 2. Towel. 3. Newel. 4. Renew.
5. Roger.

A BIRD PUZZLE. Vacation. 1. Vireo. 2. Albatross. 3. Chickadee. 4. Avocet. 5. Turkey. 6. Ibis. 7. Owl. 8. Night-hawk.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Sebastopol; from 11 to 20, Montebello. Cross-words: 1. Sediment. 2. Semitone. 3. Subduing. 4. Adjacent. 5. Disabled. 6. Stage-box. 7. Outreach. 8. Spicular. 9. Spousals. 10. Stiletto.

CHARADE. Lark-sput.

DIAMOND. 1. J. 2. Sup. 3. Sapid. 4. Jupiter. 5. Pithy.
6. Dey. 7. K.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from "The Peterkins"—Maude E. Palmer—Paul Reese—Chester B. S.—"The McG's"—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—Josephine Sherwood—E. M. G.—Mama and Jamie—"Uncle Mung"—Ida Carleton Thallon—"Guion Line and Acme Slate"—Gertrude L.—Hubert L. Bingay.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from C. Chester, 1—Grace Irene S., 1—Grace Isabel, 1—C. Chester, 1—Elaine S., 4—"Two Crane Sisters," 1—Emily B. B., 1—Agnes M. B., 1—Theodore A. J. Ladner, 2—S. M. G. I. M. G., 1—Naje Rhesan, 2—Winifred M. Mattingly, 1—Jas. Henry, 1—Minerva Camp, 1—Jan and Dick, 1—M. H. Foster, 1—Bessie White, 2—Charlotte and Daisy, 1—Ruth F. Graves, 1—Mary L. Thomson, 1—Lillian Reser, 1—The F. C. C., 1—Ida B. Graves, 1—Academie B., 2—"Only I," 1—Gwendolen Reid, 3—F. G., 1—Grace Louise Holaday, 5—K. and S. Reed and R. Hale, 1—Florence E. Bannister, 2—A. M. J. and A. J. J., 1—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Fannie G., 1—Ruth M. Mason, 2—Margaret Eddy, 2—Harold Short, 1—L. O. E., 11—Louis Don, 2—Lelia Rightor, 1—"Star," 1—Nellie L. Howes, 9—May C. Francis, 4—Olive Gale, 2—"Gugga," 2—Lena Quinn, 1—Lionel and Marion, 10—Laura M. Zinser, 5—Helen S. Coates, 2—Marian W. Low, 1—Rosalind Mitchell, 2—Nan and Grace, 5—Ethel et Cie, 5—Mama and Charlie, 4—Charles H. Munch, 2—Nellie Archer 2—Ida, Alice, and Allie, 12—M. T. B., 2—"May and 79," 5—Jo and I, 10—Jessie Chapman, 3—"Leather-Stocking," 12—"Florentia," 7—"We Girls," 8—Rosalie Bloomingdale, 12—"The Partners," 9—"Three of One Kind," 3—Violet and Dora Hereford, 6—"Three Blind Mice," 2—Sarah and Susan Lucas, 1—Anna A. Crane, 2—Polly, 1—Esmé Beauchamp, 4.

DOUBLE PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the first and second rows of letters (reading downward) will each spell a word often heard in July.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Bright in color. 2. A puzzle. 3. Waning. 4. An eelbuck. 5. A fabulous animal. 6. Indolent. 7. Involving some secret meaning.

"EFFESSEFF."

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

My *first*, it "hath charms" among arts, you will find;
My *second* word means to make one, or to bind;
My *third*, an enchantress who sang by the shore;
My *fourth* is what newspapers have by the score;
My *last* word is what on the altar is burned—
Its obsolete meaning is "tax," I have learned.

HENRY W. L.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small lizard. 2. To revere. 3. A small bird.

Primals, unaccustomed; finals, the quantity of ten barrels of flour; primals and finals connected, a philosopher.

II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. To stain. 2. Lethargy. 3. To commence. 4. To care for.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, John Richardson; finals, Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Judean. 2. Occasional. 3. Hidalgo. 4. Narcotic. 5. Raven. 6. L. 7. Continual. 8. Heroism. 9. Amphora. 10. Rough. 11. Diana. 12. Spur. 13. Orb. 14. Neuralgia.

A DICKENS ACROSTIC. Initials, Matthew Bagnet. Cross-words: 1. Mark (Tapley). 2. Akershem (Miss Sophronia). 3. Traddles (Tommy). 4. Tilly (Slowboy). 5. Heep (Uriah). 6. Edward (Dorrit). 7. Weller. 8. Bagstock (Joey). 9. Agnes (Wickfield). 10. Gamp (Sairy). 11. Nell. 12. Emma. 13. Todgers (Mrs.).

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Second row, Gabelunzie. Cross-words: 1. Agate. 2. Satan. 3. Obese. 4. Cedar. 5. Crisp. 6. Blink. 7. Dusky. 8. Indue. 9. Azure. 10. Niece. 11. Gelid.

GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Order. 2. Rhine. 3. Divan. 4. Enact. 5. Rents. II. 1. Aster. 2. Scale. 3. Taken. 4. Elect. 5. Rents. III. 1. Rents. 2. Ewart. 3. Nadir. 4. Tribe. 5. Strew. IV. 1. Strew. 2. Touch. 3. Rubie. 4. Eclat. 5. Whets. V. 1. Strew. 2. Tiara. 3. Razor. 4. Erode. 5. Ware.

Primals, an inhabitant of a certain European country; finals, to set on shore; primals and finals connected, a country of Europe.
"JONNIE THUN."

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Pertaining to vegetable mold. 2. A feminine name. 3. Fatigues. 4. A pliable strip of leather. 5. A wicked city of ancient times.

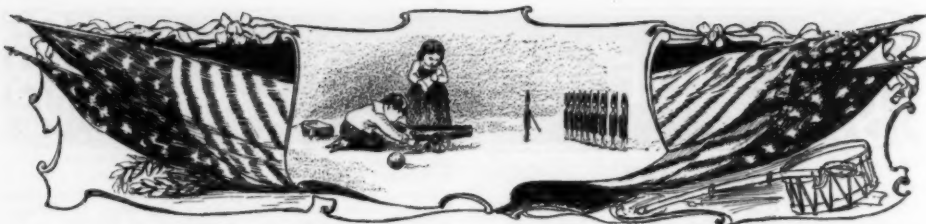
DOWNWARD: 1. In rhomboid. 2. A pronoun. 3. To entangle. 4. The flower-de-luce. 5. Vehicles. 6. An illustrious man. 7. Dejected. 8. A river of Italy. 9. In rhomboid.

RIDDLE.

ONCE of an animal I formed a part,
Yet in that life had neither head nor heart;
But dead, I'm cured, by man I am made whole;
An understanding have, and boast a soul.

But brief the triumph; for I'm now brought lower
Than in the sphere I had adorned before.
Perfidious man! Who then his arts will trust?
Blackens my character, treads me in the dust.

Yet I forgive—to him my soul devote,
And save him from all trials,—near, remote,
From desert sands and winter's icy sleet,—
Nothing my kindly purpose can defeat. C. L. M.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-nine letters, and am a sentence from a speech by Robert C. Winthrop.

My 21-16-3-33 is a tropical fruit. My 27-10-18-20-24 is an occurrence. My 6-38-35 is a sprite. My 26-31-1-14-11 is to vex. My 8-29-22-36-15 is to cook. My 28-19-32-7-5-23 are kindnesses done or granted. My 17-25-34-39-13 is to loiter. My 4-30-12-9-2-37 is to stop.

O. S. D.

A HEXAGON.

```

* * * * *
*   *   *
* * * * *
*   *   *
* * * * *
*   *   *
* * * * *
*   *   *
* * * * *

```

1. ACORNS. 2. A Scriptural proper name. 3. Disgraced. 4. A gage used by a mason. 5. To recount. 6. To prevent by fear. 7. To designate. C. D.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the Latin term for a book-worm.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pains. 2. To gather after a reaper. 3. The outer covering of a flower. 4. To cause to fit. 5. A musical instrument. 6. A collision. 7. To linger. 8. To broil on a gridiron. 9. A cavalry sword. 10. Poets. 11. To treat with injustice. 12. To ramble. 13. The outer husk or bract of a spikelet. 14. A precious stone carved in relief. C.

PI.

HET nus shang clam ta messmur sopie;
 Het ethar elis hatbed in grimmshine onon,
 Ta erst rofm lal chr cleerhuf sineo,
 Wiht thare-grinsst tenilsly ni nute.
 Eht item, woh atubilufe dan read,
 Wenh realy strufi bingie ot shlub,
 Dan eht lufi agafeel fo eht yare
 Yawss ore hemt wiht a shelgrenit shuh.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain three letters, and the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, spells a title given to Christian II., a cruel king of Denmark and Sweden.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A beverage. 2. An exclamation. 3. Distress. 4. A unit. 5. To increase. 6. Metal. 7. Since. 8. One who entertains hatred against another.

9. To attempt to escape. 10. Consumed. 11. A word used in the motto of the Prince of Wales. 12. A snare. 13. To seize by a sudden grasp. 14. A short-legged and stout variety of horse. 15. To vibrate harshly. 16. The goddess of revenge. 17. The flat part of a grate at the side, where things are placed to be kept warm. C.

ANAGRAM.

A DISTINGUISHED literary woman:

SHE WROTE, A TRIBE CHEER.

DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE.

ACROSS: 1. A kiln. 2. The part sung by the lowest female voices. 3. A loud, continuous noise. 4. Withered.

DOWNWARD: 1. Impels. 2. The agave. 3. To bespangle. 4. A large, round molding on the base of a column. "XELIS."

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

```

*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *

```

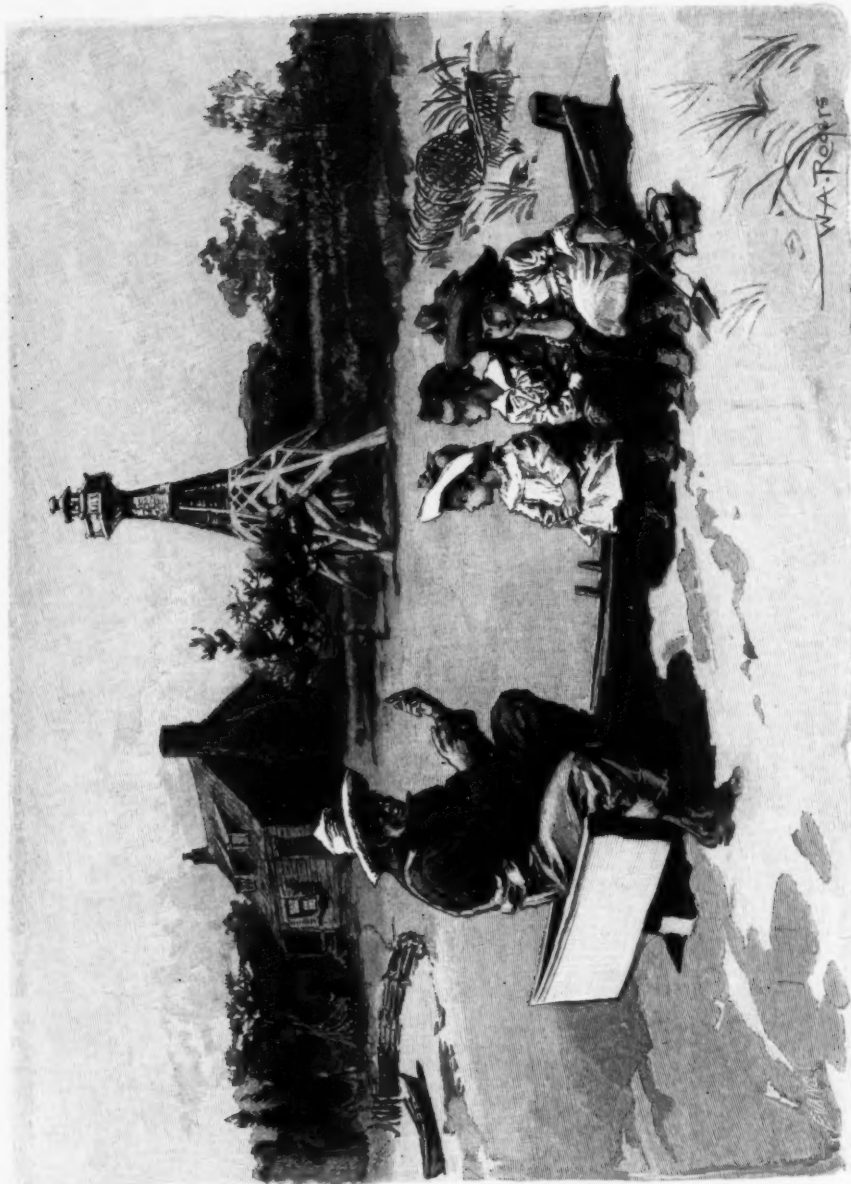
I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In parades. 2. Encountered. 3. The daughter of Æetes. 4. Those who make a display of their knowledge. 5. Rigid. 6. Consumed. 7. In parades.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In parades. 2. A Scriptural name. 3. One who notes. 4. Established. 5. Leased again. 6. Three fifths of to prevent. 7. In parades.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In parades. 2. Part of the head. 3. Finished. 4. Burdened. 5. A number of men who relieve others in carrying on some work. 6. The governor of Algiers. 7. In parades.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In parades. 2. To obstruct. 3. Made into bundles. 4. Issued suddenly. 5. To govern. 6. A cave. 7. In parades.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In parades. 2. An affirmative answer. 3. To sing as the Swiss mountaineers. 4. Drawn. 5. Denominations. 6. One half of a task. 7. In parades. G. F.



THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER AND THE CHILDREN.

"HE WOULD SPIN THEM YARNS WHILE THEIR EYES GREW BIG AS HIS STORIES EXPANDED." (SEE PAGE 745.)